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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The feeling that the whole nation *must* give to the Government full trust steadily grows, we believe, among all sane and public-spirited people. If it is not yet knit firmly enough together—a thing we decline to believe merely on the strength of club or lobby babble—the nation's concern must be, by unstinted, unquestioning support, to strengthen it in this. We must not for a moment forget that there is known to-day no discoverable substitute for this Government which would be in the least likely to avail. The pure Liberal Government failed, towards the end failed absolutely, from at least half-a-dozen sources of weakness. A pure Conservative Government could do nothing without at least fifty to a hundred Liberals backing it, through thick and thin; in fact, merging in it. An election would be a scandal and would probably close in a disaster. Whilst as for fine talk about dictatorships, committees of public security, and committees of public safety—both were tried once in France, and most of their members ended at the guillotine—these things necessitate a revolution for a preliminary. Hence the present National Government must be maintained and made into a great public instrument.

After all, this branch of the war, the organising of the civil side of the executive at home, ought to be—and we believe is—a far simpler problem than either of the vast ones which have to be solved by respectively the Navy and the Army. Surely, with the ceaseless practice we have had in the art of civil government, this task ought to prove, by comparison, easily surmountable. To return to a fact which the SATURDAY REVIEW often laid stress on at the start of the war: the master problems, the actual safety of the country, rest with the leaders of the Navy and the Army and with their officers and men. The home side, the civilian side, though extremely important, is obviously the lesser side, easier to carry out; needing, mainly, good business capacity and firmness. There

is no excuse for failing in this secondary and subsidiary side, considering the immense experience in the art of Parliaments and Governments this country has had.

Mr. Asquith addressed the House of Commons on Tuesday for the first time as the formal head of this new national Government, when he asked for the enormous credit of £250,000,000. In those portions of his speech which really concern the nation to-day he wisely dwelled upon the fact that, a supreme cause being at stake, all personal and political motives had ceased to exist: "What I came to think was needed", Mr. Asquith declared, "was such a broadening of the basis of the Government as would take away from it even the semblance of a one-sided or party character, and would demonstrate beyond the possibility of doubt, not only to our own people, but to the whole world, that after nearly a year of war, with all its fluctuations and vicissitudes, the British people were more resolute than ever, with one heart and with one purpose, to obliterate all distinctions and unite every personal and political, as well as every moral and material, force in the prosecution of their cause."

Mr. McKenna made a most admirable beginning as Chancellor of the Exchequer in the House on Tuesday. His first speech was a speech on the country's need for economy. The House has seldom heard so clear an exposition of the working of finance and of commerce as in this brief speech. The root of our need for economy lies in the necessity we are under, if our credit is to come through the war unimpaired, to pay our way with the exported products of our industry. Our vast imports—vaster now than in time of peace—can be paid for in several ways. They can be paid for by exported commodities, by carrying services, or by sale of foreign securities. At this time our ability to pay by carrying services is appreciably less than usual owing to the commandeering of ships for the war. Moreover, we cannot sell foreign securities wholesale without ultimately destroying their

value and our own credit. Our power to produce commodities for export is also immensely curtailed owing to enlistment and Government work.

It follows that if our financial position is to be maintained—that is, if the war is to be paid for out of revenue and not out of capital—most of the energy which is not devoted to fighting and producing for the war should be devoted to producing *commodities for export*. This implies that as little industrial energy as possible must be wasted in providing the public at home with needless articles of luxury. This is a matter entirely in the public's own keeping. So long as the public demands to be supplied with luxuries, and continues to consume them, British labour will be encouraged to produce them. It is, therefore, the duty of the public to save and not to spend. The only reserve on which the nation will be able to draw in the coming time will be a reserve created by the thrift of the people—a reserve built up by the people's determination to avoid needless extravagance. As much capital as possible has to be laid by in order to finance undertakings which will increase our ability to supply (1) the needs of the war, (2) the need to make good the diminution of our exporting and carrying resources.

Truly, as Mr. McKenna insisted, this is a golden time for saving. Every pound unproductively expended may mean, later on, three or four upon the wrong side of our national account. The Chancellor of the Exchequer uses very grave words indeed as to the peril of encouraging that false sense of prosperity and security which has widely arisen owing to the unusual activity in certain trades. "Permanent impairment of our financial powers"—that is very grave language indeed; and it is used by Mr. McKenna deliberately and with full knowledge of the facts. There is not energy enough in the country to produce the customary luxuries of peace in addition to (1) munitions and supplies of war, and (2) necessary manufactures for export. Munitions cannot be allowed to suffer, and exports can be allowed to suffer only if the nation lives upon its capital.

That, briefly, is the position, and Mr. McKenna has done a sterling service in promptly and clearly putting it to the country in his first responsible speech as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. McKenna suggests that recruiting speakers should add an exhortation to economy as an exordium to their speeches. Certainly it is no easy task to bring the public to realise and to practise this necessary thrift. The whole training and tendency of the public has for a generation been in the opposite direction. Our late legislation has certainly not encouraged thrift. The instinct to save has long ceased to be respectable; and hardly anyone wishes to be conspicuous for their saving. The instinct to spend freely has its generous side, no doubt; but few will deny that it has been too freely encouraged of late. We have now to teach thrift to the spendthrift. The thriftless are thoroughly bad citizens—we must teach them that.

Debates, as the term was understood in the House of Commons before the war, are not wanted to-day; therefore, the fact that on Monday a disappointed member missed getting off his intended speech on the Budget Bill cannot really be of consequence—as the member himself had the humour to realise—except to a few minnows and sticklebacks devoted to a Parliamentary "game". The only place for the stock performers or the stage performers of Parliament to-day is well behind the scenes; or, still better—if they are inclined to chatter and hold forth—well outside the stage door. But is it really necessary to report their proceedings—if they insist on proceeding—at all in the Press? We suggest that the "Times" and the "Morning Post" might severely curtail the space given to the "much-talkers" with benefit to (1) themselves, (2) their readers, (3) the public welfare.

The way in which the old infatuated sense of their own importance and their own grievances still lingers in some quarters was well illustrated by a remark by Mr. Dillon in the House of Commons on Tuesday. He spoke of himself and his friends as having had "some rather cruel blows". With thousands of men at the Front being wounded and killed every week; with all the more active and virile politicians outside the Government employed on war service; Mr. Dillon and his circle of pure old-fashioned Parliamentarians—the nature of whose service is an essentially comfortable and secure "debate" at Westminster—complain sorrowfully that they have received "some rather cruel blows"! He speaks as if they were being hard worked twelve hours a day seven days in the week; or even as if they were being bombed or gassed.

We suppose no prophet has ever been more completely justified in a political warning and in a national policy ardently preached for years than Lord Roberts. Those who listened to the straight, driving speech of Lord Milner and to the persuasive intellectualism of Mr. Harold Cox at the annual meeting of the National Service League this week could hardly fail to recall that great soldier and high-souled patriot. It is true that every man worth styling a man, everyone with a little spark of candour or a conscientious scruple, honours himself to-day by honouring Lord Roberts. It is true, too, that every honest opponent of Lord Roberts a year ago—and he had very many honest opponents before the war—has cried *peccavi*. And yet the arousing that Lord Roberts predicted is not yet complete. The wheel is not yet full circle.

Signs of the new spirit of alertness and thoroughness in the Government are shown in the speedy appointment of a very expert and strong committee on food supplies, under the chairmanship of Lord Milner. Conserving and increasing our supplies of meat and bread is a matter which had to be taken in hand without further delay. The shortage in wheat, apart from military successes, which must not be counted until they are declared, must again be very serious as the year advances; and the shortage in meat is a permanent condition of the war. These matters cannot be left to chance. The British farmers are already calling for guidance and for guarantees. Lord Milner's committee has all the necessary knowledge and enterprise for the important work in front of it. The names of Mr. A. D. Hall and Mr. Rowland Prothero are evidence of that.

If this food committee is one sign of resolute enterprise in the new Minister of Agriculture, Sir John Simon's clear and emphatic statement on Thursday on the alien question is another. Frankly he told the House that, though the Home Office is advised by the military and naval authorities in the matter of spies, it will hold itself entirely responsible to the House and the country in dealing with all aliens. Moreover, there will be only one principle observed:—"Namely, that when it was fairly shown that an individual was dangerous to the State because he was at large, whether because of hostile origin or hostile associations, he must, even though a British subject, submit to the rule just like everybody else."

The forecast of Mr. Lloyd George's Munitions Bill, to be introduced next Wednesday, puts a period to all talk of "forced" labour. Military discipline obviously cannot be enforced—obligatory service cannot be required—of workers in the factory till it has been required of the nation. Mr. Lloyd George's announcement that there will be no compulsion of labour surprises no one who has really thought at all on this question. Meantime we wait for details as to the working of the new scheme. Its object is (1) to ensure a suspension of all trade union rules which limit output, (2) to provide by compulsory arbitration against any possibility of strikes, (3) to limit employers' war

profits by a scheme of averages, (4) to use the trade unions as recruiting agents for voluntary labourers who will go where they are most required, (5) to enforce discipline by a system of fines to be imposed by a Munitions Court. The main feature of the scheme appears at once—namely, the trust and power accorded to the trade unions. The value of these arrangements clearly depends absolutely on their loyalty to the Government and their power to impose discipline upon their members.

We are glad the Prime Minister on Tuesday ended once and for all the absurd rumour that the Allies are already "through" at the Dardanelles. That story was spread last week in London, and every gobe-mouche had firm hold of it by Saturday morning. It undoubtedly affected the price of wheat, and greenhorns hastened to get out their maps and explain how it was the beginning of the end of the war. Only a few miles, they declared, and Constantinople is ours. The amazing thing is that these fairy stories are believed by ordinary educated people in many instances quite as firmly as they are by uneducated people. But who invents and spreads them at the start? Whoever are the originators, we can be sure of this—they are not good friends to this country. It is stories of this kind, without a grain of truth in them, that often lead to depression and misery: the chattering of false good news are a pest at a time like this.

We believe with the Prime Minister that the Dardanelles operation will be duly carried through with success; and that it will be a master stroke of war. Meantime, the newspapers and the public should not belittle the splendid work of the Allied Armies and Navies there by inventing or imagining preposterous, premature victories. It would be a relief if some of the silly papers who have printed rubbish about the Turks "packing up" and leaving Constantinople would themselves pack up and leave London.

The German pressure upon Lemberg has increased during the week. Their attack on this part of the Russian line is now the chief factor of the campaign. The Russian line in Galicia sweeps from positions on the San to the Dniester marshes, Lemberg being in the middle of the arc. If the Germans can break the line at Lemberg the Russian armies in Galicia are split into two segments, the south-eastern segment being isolated and in the gravest danger. This would account for the evacuation of the Bukowina, where the Russians are falling back from Czernowitz to the frontier. The attack on Lemberg must necessarily effect indirectly a further retreat and concentration of the Russian armies, of which the retirement from Czernowitz would seem to be the preliminary step.

There has been an energetic and brilliant advance of the French Armies this week near Arras. Their progress is described as "important", and it is being maintained. East of Festubert on Tuesday evening our men captured the first line of German trenches along a mile of the front, but were forced to retire in the night. The following day they again attacked north of Hooze, occupying and holding all the enemy's first trenches on a front of 1,000 yards. Hooze is a few miles to the south-east of Ypres—a fiercely contested village for many weeks past.

On the Italian frontier the Italians are still able to advance, except in the region of the Carnic Alps, where a strong Austrian movement directed against Venetia has lately developed. There is fierce fighting—no mere affair of advance guards—in these threatened valleys, more especially in the Val d'Inferno. The Austrians have not yet succeeded in any of their attacks.

The raid upon Karlsruhe has been received with cordial satisfaction. Quite apart from the fact that Karlsruhe is the capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden

and a garrison town, it was clearly right that a raid in force should be made into the enemy's territory in reprisal for the late incursions by Zeppelin. War upon towns where very grievous harm is likely to be done to civilian property and lives as well as to the belligerent enemy is not much to the liking of French or British airmen. But the raid on Karlsruhe is wholly justified and heartily commended by our people.

The expedition is officially described as a "reprisal"; and from this point of view it certainly seems to have been effective. The damage to life and property was considerable. The attack was carried out in broad daylight by twenty-three machines, only two of which were lost, though the squadron was vigorously received at all military points along their route. The aeroplane keeps its pride of place as a weapon of brilliant offence within a short radius. The one advantage of the Zeppelin is the greater range of action. It fortunately happens that Mr. Tennant was this week able in the House of Commons to tell us something of what has been done, and is doing, in the aerial service. There can be no doubt that here the French and British armies are heroically served—witness the late unforgettable achievement of Lieutenant Warneford, V.C. His death this week—a death met in the simple discharge of his duty—leaves him the inheritor of a renown young, but not unfulfilled.

The Greek elections are going well for the party of M. Venizelos. M. Venizelos, it will be remembered, recently had to retire from office owing to his energetic policy of war. His party will probably go back to a Parliament with a majority of two to one in his favour.

The negotiations between the German and American Governments are at present in suspense. The attitude of America being firmly and clearly defined, it now remains to see what answer Germany will make. It is expected that Germany will invite the United States to arrange with Great Britain on what terms the maritime war shall continue. Germany can hardly re-affirm her submarine policy in the light of President Wilson's censure. Meantime the friends of America gladly observe that Mr. Bryan's retirement has not weakened the will or the policy of the American Government. It has rather tended to close all ranks in loyal support of the President.

Lord Robert Cecil announced this week in the House that the German Government has ordered the release of the British officers who were lately sent to detention barracks. This ends, let us hope, all talk and policy of reprisals as regards prisoners of war. Nobody of weight on this side has ever wished to turn Donington Hall into a "Do-the-boys Hall"; and we imagine that by now the German Army, if not the German public, is secretly regretting its harsh and most unmilitary treatment of prisoners. We hope some system of exchanging prisoners may be tried presently.

From America to Germany and thence to neutral countries is travelling the story that a person, said to be associated with the SATURDAY REVIEW, has contributed certain articles to the American newspapers in which British statesmen and policy are held up to odium and abuse, and the cause of Germany glorified. That story is, of course, a brazen lie. No person connected with the SATURDAY REVIEW is contributing any such articles. We notice that a paper published at Basel—"Basler Anzeiger"—has been helping to spread this story. We hope that when the power of Germany is battered down and the Powers are rearranging and settling the country, stern measures will be taken with the reptile Press of Germany. But it will have to be put on a wholly new basis. The present Press of Germany will have to be reformed out of existence. The men who are responsible for it to-day have too long been accustomed to a regimen of daily falsehood.

LEADING ARTICLES.

COALITION OR CHAOS.

IT is a cheap and easy thing to cry down the present Government by coalition. The weakness of coalitions is a commonplace of history—a theme on which the schoolboy essayist is invited to cut his political teeth. Most of the points to be urged against coalitions in general, and Mr. Asquith's Coalition in particular, have inevitably occurred to the framers and supporters of the present Government. But there are other and incomparably stronger considerations to be urged upon the other side—considerations which give to any hostile criticism of the Government to-day an appearance of disloyalty.

To begin with, the present Government is the Government desired by the country. It was not the personal whim of a few political leaders that a coalition should be formed. The Coalition was not the fruit of a sudden personal desire on the part of the Prime Minister to share his responsibility. Indeed, Mr. Asquith has honourably explained that the step was distasteful to him. It involved breaking with old colleagues, forming new political friendships and habits, and sacrificing many things which formerly were supposed to be essential. The Coalition was the result, not of the wishes of party leaders, but virtually of a mandate from the country. Lord Lansdowne rightly put this as the leading motive of the men who entered the new Government. The country desired to see an end of party. The party truce was not enough. A truce supposes the resuming of hostilities. A truce is the tacit ignoring of disputes left in abeyance. This particular truce also involved that one half of the political world looked on while the other half did the work. The public had begun to realise that the war could not be fought successfully in this way. There was no room in this war for men who could not forget everything and start afresh. It was beginning to be perceived that the war not merely *suspended* all party controversy, it dwarfed it to a battle of the pigmies—made it of no account, obliterated it from the minds of everyone with a sense of present reality.

The Coalition is the product of that growing conviction in the country—a conviction which is the bed-rock fact of our position as a fighting power to-day. Party controversy and party division exist no longer for anyone in touch with the reality of the struggle in which we are engaged. The country requires of its representatives, not merely that they should ignore party issues, as in the old time of truce, but that they should be unaware that party issues exist. There can be no talk in the coming time—without disloyalty to the common purpose on which the nation is set—of differences postponed, of energy reserved for party settlements after the armistice. There is no longer a domestic armistice, for there is no longer a domestic war. The political public on both sides in the country has outgrown the old attitude of "we'll settle the Germans first and then we'll settle you". That attitude is now unthinkable. The country knows that such an attitude means disaster for all parties alike.

This, then, is the first and best sanction of the Coalition:—that it meets the country's need for a visible embodiment of its conviction that only the war counts for anything at all in public life to-day. The next point is intimately bound up with this. It has been keenly realised in these last months that the wisdom and resources of one party in the State were not sufficient to cope with the most gigantic task ever imposed upon a Government. The late Government was seen to be staggering under too great a burden. It could not manage and provide for everything. We need not now go into the evidence of this. The immediate reasons for Mr. Asquith's decision to broaden the basis of his Government are only important for the light they throw upon a general truth which must now be accepted as an axiom. Here were men observed to be overweighted, while there were others

able and willing to help, but compelled by the precedents to stand idly by. Mr. Asquith wisely decided that the precedents must be sacrificed, and that it should be made possible for every party to contribute its best men to the general task. In taking this step he acted as a patriotic, and as a popular, leader. He acted upon his sense of what the country required, and his colleagues loyally went with him.

Such are the plain facts and motives which determined the setting up of a Coalition Government. Mr. Asquith has made an attempt to combine in one Cabinet some part of the talent and enthusiasm of every political group with a following in the country. The Coalition stands for the collected wisdom and experience of all classes and interests. It follows that criticism of the Coalition—action or speech which aims at weakening the Coalition and undermining its prestige or authority—cannot usefully be allowed. We have the right to ask of anyone who criticises the Coalition to say frankly what his grievance or purpose may be. Is it that the right men were not all of them included or that the wrong men were not all of them rejected? Such criticism, if persisted in, must lead to general confusion and ultimate collapse. Criticism on such grounds as this invites a general epidemic of Cabinet making and Cabinet breaking which can end only in ruinous personal animosities and a general loss of public energy. Mr. Asquith has settled the composition of the Cabinet. He was the only public man in a position to do so with the necessary and final authority. Those who refuse to accept his decision in all these personal matters are working to weaken and to destroy the new Government.

Again, therefore, let all such critics declare their purpose. What do they propose shall follow the downfall of the Coalition? Are they frankly set upon a return to Party Government? Do they desire to see the Liberals in or the Tories in? Mr. Asquith has himself decided that a Liberal Government is no longer able to deal unsupported with the war. A purely Liberal Government has broken down. The late events are against it, and the sense of the country is against it. A purely Conservative Government is equally impracticable. It would not have a majority in the House. It would imply a general and a contested election—which would clearly be flying in the face of the general conviction that we have no energy or thought to spare at this time for anything but the war. As the political position at present stands the Government must be either a Liberal Government helped by Conservatives or a Conservative Government helped by Liberals. Are we, then, to wreck the present working arrangement merely to change the inscription upon the lintel of the Cabinet?

Any other alternative is at present wild and incalculable. No patriotic man would dream of putting the Coalition in peril on behalf of some imaginary Third Party or Dictatorship. The present Coalition is the only practicable arrangement at this time. It is a point of rest between Party Government, which the nation has rejected, and a headlong plunge into the unknown. The Coalition must be accepted as one of those workable arrangements which the British people have always so well known how to make to meet extraordinary needs. Beyond it lies a leap in the dark whose consequences no one is in the least able to foresee, except that it must necessarily involve a waste of energy and time. It has become the first duty of every patriotic man—of everyone who desires to see the nation's whole endeavour bent upon the war—to support the Coalition without reserve. Those who talk of the weakness of coalitions, who recite dismal precedents, who cannot expel the political Adam or realise that party politics are finished—those, in a word, who contribute in any way to destroy public faith in Mr. Asquith's Government, are doing a grave disservice to their country. Moreover, they are acting without common fairness to the men who have consented to forget their differences in a common

effort to unite and lead the nation in the war with Germany. The prophets of disaster sometimes help disasters to occur. The best way to bring about the failure of the Coalition is to predict that it will fail. There is no sign of failure, and not a particle of evidence that any other form of Government is possible or desirable. It will be a very grave day for the country if the Coalition should ever be found unequal to the burden of the war. We see to-day no real sign whatever of this.

LORD KITCHENER AND LORD ROBERTS.

ON Tuesday, Sir A. B. Markham, Radical M.P. for Mansfield, made an attack on Lord Kitchener. He declared that if a civilian had done as Lord Kitchener had done, he would be execrated and driven out of public life in half an hour; but because he was a soldier he was regarded as a hero, and everyone that criticised him was regarded as a traitor. Sir A. B. Markham went on to declare that Lord Kitchener was in the wrong place, and added that Lord Kitchener had done everything to disparage the Territorial Army. A more offensive and insolent speech—and a more foolish one—we cannot recall.

Remembering the marked protestations of loyalty towards Lord Kitchener which the chief Radical papers in London have lately made, we turned with some curiosity on Wednesday to the leading morning and evening Radical journals in London in order to see what measure of punishment they would deal out to the Radical member for Mansfield. Will our readers believe it?—not one of these newspapers had a single remark to make on the speech of their friend and political colleague! They by no means passed over the debate during which the attack on Lord Kitchener was made. On the contrary, they had much to say about it. One of these newspapers, for example, patted on the back Mr. Dillon, another rebuked Sir H. Dalziel for saying a critical word or two about the last Government. But one and all they carefully refrained from any editorial allusion to the violent personal attack of their political colleague, Sir A. B. Markham, M.P., on Lord Kitchener.

Shall we be very ungenerous if we suggest that the late protestations of admiration and loyalty towards Lord Kitchener by these Radical papers in London were hypocritical protestations? We fear that we must suggest it; and we fancy that honest and intelligent minds—whether Radical, Tory, or Socialist—will come to precisely the same conclusion. Fortunately, very fortunately, the Radical Press in London is *not* the Radical Party in London. Its conduct and its comments bear, we think, very little resemblance indeed to the attitude of the responsible leaders of that Party, who have acted all through the late crisis with dignity, as English gentlemen. Fortunately, moreover, the temper of the Radical Press in London does *not*, we believe, reflect the temper of the great majority of the members of the rank and file of that Party either in London or in the Provinces; and we are tolerably sure that they will resent Sir A. B. Markham's speech on Lord Kitchener and regard it as hateful.

As to Lord Kitchener, we can only repeat the substance of an article on the subject in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 29 May. He has done what no other living man could have done in raising a vast Army by his personality and the very splendid glamour of his name. If his work had been only one-half as great as it has been, his would have been a consummate achievement. The talk about the desirability of having a civilian Minister in his place at the War Office is the trumpery talk of Parliamentary pedantry. It is the talk of men who are not informed and have not a vestige of imagination. Who but Lord Kitchener, we should like to know, could have raised without the aid of the State such an Army as fills England to-day, and is destined, come what may, to fling the German out of Belgium and the Turk from the Dardanelles? Could Sir A. B. Markham, M.P. for Mansfield, installed at the War Office, have raised without the aid of the

little finger even of the State an Army of millions? We think not. He might not have raised an Army one-fourth or one-eighth as big. None of them could. The best thing incomparably which the last Government did was to put Lord Kitchener at the head of the War Office; and, doing that, they made some amends, we can gratefully admit, for the worst thing they ever did—namely, reproaching and belittling Lord Roberts when in September 1912 he solemnly warned the country of the nearness and direness of the German peril.

Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener will rank as our greatest men in the first two decades of the twentieth century. The first brought us through the South African War when we were low and depressed and shamed indeed; though twelve years or so later his traducers overlooked this, and, thinking that he was used up and very nearly dead, set on him with poisoned claw; the second will bring us, though Sir A. B. Markham and his friends may not believe it, through the European War.

WATERLOO, WELLINGTON AND THE WAR.

YESTERDAY, the eighteenth of June, was the Centenary of Waterloo. So much has been written about this battle that no person of sense would gratuitously add another page. But Waterloo concerns us now partly because it rescued the world from a peril similar to the present enemy, and partly because its period is a lesson and a great encouragement. After twenty years of war, with difficulty, the British Isles sent to the field of Waterloo less than 30,000 troops, and of these only 12,000 were Peninsular veterans. Ten months of war have gained from our own public an alert duty to the State far and away more general than that which two decades gradually coerced from Wellington's generation. Even William Pitt was readier to collect islands in far-off seas than to brave with enough vigour the crankiness of his countrymen. Wellington was usually hampered by the timid conduct of the British Ministers, and once he was thrown on his own resources for feeding his troops, as Lord Liverpool could send him neither corn nor specie from England. To know that we have advanced as a nation far beyond the general British spirit of that period is very encouraging. Despite all shortcomings—and they are many and serious—we are better citizens, man for man, than those who thwarted Pitt and Wellington. According to Spencer Walpole, the troops who fought at Waterloo were received coldly on their return home—a fact wonderfully at odds with the present mood of the British people.

To-day, again, no patriot feels that all has yet been done that will be done. The present spirit is thought of as a fine thing to be vastly bettered, and the desire to improve it gains ground daily in all reputable households. One-half of the nation is wide-awake and eager; the other half asks for gallant leadership. All will be well if the people decline to pass from self-criticism into self-applause.

But we must not forget those earlier soldiers who won heirloom heroisms for British regiments, and who were even as brave as our splendid men of to-day. Old regiments and their traditions are magical; they transform new soldiers into emulative sons of their forerunners. To chasten the pride we take in our own troops, let us regard our new armies as children of the old ones, the veteran dead; and let us gain from Waterloo and Wellington a national standard of courage that will enable us to appreciate without exaggeration the fortitude that reigns now in every trench and battle in Flanders and the Dardanelles.

Wellington, so far as we are concerned, was Waterloo, for he reaped the harvest of victory which Blücher carried with British help. His name and fame put a seasoned grit into the many raw militia drafts that fought in his regiments. Most of the Peninsular men had been sent to America, but those that remained—12,000 in all—were invaluable for their wise, cool

intrepidity. Wellington himself described his mixed Waterloo force as "the worst army ever brought together", even "an infamous army", though its great spirit was his own, as its doings proved. From Napier we learn what the Wellingtonian soldier was at his best in those veteran divisions whose work in Spain made wonderful deeds commonplace. No Field-Marshal can ever expect to have better soldiers. Prodigies of valour were achieved as a matter of course, usually with insufficient aid from artillery. There was no parcels post to bring luxuries to the battle lines. There was no incessant campaign at home to aid war funds and charities. Surgery was primitive, anaesthetics were unknown, and microbes—not yet discovered—bred septic evils in the shattering wounds made by large bullets. Hospitals were so bad, even in great cities, that to read about them in the medical pages of Buchan is horrible. After a battle the sufferings of the wounded put hell into hours or into weeks and months. And let none suppose that the hand-to-hand fighting of those days was less terrible in its toll on lives than is the entrenched warfare waged to-day with scientific weapons. The British troops at Waterloo, less than 30,000, lost 15,000 in killed and wounded. There is much random talk about the deadliness of modernised warfare, but let us hope that the battle-toll of Waterloo will continue to prove by its percentage the superior deadliness of much earlier fighting.

To remember all the conditions under which Wellington's men fought is to be astounded by their courage and endurance. Even Napier was often amazed by the deeds done in Spain, though he took part in them. It seemed to him that posterity would find it difficult to credit the tale of the victorious night of horrors at Badajos, when 3,500 men fell in a few hours. "Let it be considered that this frightful carnage took place in a space of less than a hundred square yards; that the slain died not all suddenly, nor by one manner of death; that some perished by steel, some by shot, some by water; that some were crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some trampled upon, some dashed to atoms by the fiery explosions; that for hours this destruction was endured without shrinking, and the town was won at last. Let these things be considered, and it must be admitted a British army bears with it an awful power. And false would it be to say the French were feeble. The garrison stood and fought manfully and with good discipline, behaving worthily. Shame there was none on any side. Yet who shall do justice to the bravery of the British soldiers or the noble emulation of the officers? . . . No age, no nation, ever sent forth braver troops to battle than those who stormed Badajos."

Wellington, as students of war well know, hated courage that did not arise from an evident duty essential to the progress of the work in hand. Intrepid acts that weakened their own side, or that had a tendency to be self-assertive, were rebuked by his protective discipline. He demanded regimental bravery and indomitable self-control. After the evacuation of Almeida Wellington issued to his army a strong appeal against the follies of scattered and undisciplined valour. "The officers of the army may depend upon it that the enemy to whom they are opposed is not less prudent than powerful. Notwithstanding what has been printed in gazettes and newspapers, we have never seen small bodies, unsupported, successfully opposed to large; nor has the experience of any officer realised the stories which all have read of whole armies being driven by a handful of light infantry and dragoons." Wellington would have given the V.C. to a whole regiment for its loyal service through a great crisis, rather than to a single man for a very conspicuous act. He singled out Macdonnell as the bravest man at Waterloo, not because the giant Highlander was an egotist in courage, but because he was a fine officer who "held Hougoumont after all!" Macdonnell, too, being superlatively brave, was beautifully modest, so he passed on the reputation he had won to the sergeant who had fought with him at the gate of Hougoumont.

Every patriot should make friends again with Napier

and with other Wellingtonian historians. Every page is a strong heart beating with the cool, proud ardour that great battles need. The Fusiliers at Albuera, the wondrous forced marches of the immortal Light Brigade, the famous ride of Captain William Light at Vic Bigorre, the death of Lieutenant Edward Freer, of the 43rd, at the first storming of the Rhune rocks in the Battle of the Nivelle, 10 November 1813, are among the stories that everyone should read this weekend. Such battle courage is the most living link that unites the generations of British history into a perennial influence, a contemporary of all the ages and sages in a thousand years and more. Our own generation has read far too much cheap fiction and far too little about the valour that achieved freedom and empire. Its tastes were valetudinarian until the present war came as a fierce regeneration. In every church this Sunday the Allied troops who fought at Waterloo should be remembered with gratitude; and from Napoleon himself we get a motto as useful to ourselves as it was to the British squares on 18 June 1815. Five years after the battle, at St. Helena, Napoleon said of the British, "One might as well try to charge through a wall". "Sire", Soult explained before the battle began, "I know these English. They will die on the ground upon which they stand before they lose it."

Napier in a brief passage enables us to see these noble optimists:—

"That the British infantry soldier is more robust than the soldier of any other nation can scarcely be doubted by those who, in 1815, observed his powerful frame, distinguished amidst the united armies of Europe, and, notwithstanding his habitual excess in drinking, he sustains fatigue, and wet, and the extremes of cold and heat with incredible vigour. When completely disciplined, and three years are required to accomplish this, his port is lofty, and his movements free; the whole world cannot produce a nobler specimen of military bearing, nor is the mind unworthy of the outward man. He does not, indeed, possess that presumptuous vivacity which would lead him to dictate to his commanders, or even to censure real errors, although he may perceive them; but he is observant, and quick to comprehend his orders, full of resources under difficulties, calm and resolute in danger, and more than usually obedient and careful of his officers in moments of imminent peril. It has been asserted that his undeniable firmness in battle is the result of a phlegmatic constitution uninspired by moral feeling. Never was a more stupid calumny uttered. Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields where every helmet caught some beams of glory, but the British soldier conquered under the cold shade of aristocracy; no honours awaited his daring, no despatch gave his name to the applauses of his countrymen; his life of danger and hardship was uncheered by hope, his death unnoticed. Did his heart sink therefore! Did he not endure with surpassing fortitude the sorest of ills, sustain the most terrible assaults in battle unmoved, and, with incredible energy overthrow every opponent, at all times proving that, while no physical military qualification was wanting, the fount of honour was also full and fresh within him!"

CHARLES LAMB'S LETTERS.

WAR strikes somewhat hard at literature, even as it strikes at painting, at sculpture, at scholarship, and at most of the studies that refine men and raise them towards light and sweetness; and yet war, even through the contrasts which it offers between its own violent materialism and the spirituality of such studies, serves to emphasise the value of "the Humanities". Soldiers and sailors in many instances recognise this not less than do civilians who miss the high privilege, some because of their years, others through physical defect, to share their duties on the field or waters. More soldiers and sailors recognise this to-day than have done so in any war England has waged; for there never has been a campaign carried

Every page of the *Saturday Review* is a proud record of the work of the arts have been engaged. One sees something of their work to-day, and not seldom, in print; even sundry lines written in rare moments of relaxation or reverie from the front. The Humanities and an intense wish to shine in them, as the classic instance of heroic Wolfe illustrated for all time, can live even in the savage environ of war. In this class we assuredly need not hesitate to set the work of Charles Lamb, essays, verses, everything he wrote; and therefore we take a special pleasure in printing the little series of his letters to Miss Kelly, which now for the first time appear in print. Everything about Charles Lamb and by Charles Lamb is precious; for he has become to a great number of people who care for literature an enduring, intimate friend, something of a boon companion. Elia, as a writer in the *SATURDAY REVIEW* said not long ago, is no mere writer of a book. Elia is a person: a character. "He is almost as real to-day, perhaps, to not a few of us, as the men, women, boys, and girls we mingled with when first we knew and revelled in the 'Essays'—and in the sensitive story, 'Rosamund Gray', faery and spiritual as a little song by Blake. Indeed, he seems all as real as one or two of the figures of one's past, figures vanished and grown vague, like the playmates he mused on himself in his poem.

"Is it possible, when once in our youth we have read and gloried in Elia, to tire at all of him? One has never heard of such a case, and if one did would scarcely believe it. With too many books there is a woeful disillusion; people have been moved to tears of laughter over Max Adeler and Mark Twain, only to be moved later on in life to something like groans of boredom when they have tried again, say, 'Out of the Hurley Burley' or sundry celebrated bits from 'The Tramp Abroad'. It is somewhat the same with various other things in light literature. But did anyone who once read and cared for 'Roast Pig' ever lose the taste for it in later life? Similarly it is not in the least to be believed that Sarah Battle, a gentlewoman born—now with God—ever lost her hold on a true reader of Elia. Her opinions on Whist, her clear fire, clean hearth, and the rigour of the game are a liberal education in themselves. They constitute a little philosophy of life. Whist can never quite go out, Bridge can never kill it, whilst Sarah Battle lives.

"Sarah Battle was drawn firm and sure from life by an artist of ripe experience; and in this lies one of the great secrets of Elia's charm and strength. All his best work, such as 'Dream-Children: A Reverie', 'Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist', 'Christ's Hospital', 'Mackery End', 'Old China', 'Poor Relations', 'The Superannuated Man', his poem, 'The Old Familiar Faces', even 'A Dissertation on Roast Pig', were the fruits of a full experience. Only two things, one common, the other extremely rare, avail in the long run in literature. Without them everything written is quite vain and unenduring. One of these is experience—hard personal experience—of life. The other is genius, which in some utterly obscure way can insolently dispense altogether with experience and in a few irresponsible hours or minutes create its masterpieces. And the pitiable thing about the former is that often by the time it is at length gained, the fire of expression has virtually gone out in the writer. He started too soon in life, as another man perhaps starts too late—two mortal mistakes, neither of which allows of a remedy. Elia fell into neither. He was not too young and not too old for his work. Everything surely combined to make him the best of the essayists: not too poor to sour the temper or to force the writing, not too rich to induce sloth; not too young to lack the experience and not too old and tired to lack the fire and motive; not too much reading, but just the right mixture of him who revels in book lore and of him who revels in life. Finally, the natural wit, swift and irrepressible, and, as Selden said wit must be, 'on the sudden turn'; and yet the man of deep feeling and exquisite sympathy who moved on equal terms with

the greatest poets. That was Charles Lamb, who left us the two little series of papers, immortal every one of them and with no rival at all in English." The work of a man like this, aglow and warm to-day as when it left his pen a century or more since, belongs truly to the Humanities. We welcome Elia to the columns of the *SATURDAY*—though once in generous indignation he deplored that Southey, whom he loved, should by ill fate be a Reviewer.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 46) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

THE WESTERN THEATRE.

VISITORS to the Vatican at Rome will recall among the art treasures in its halls and vestibules two splendid specimens of statuary which stand facing one another, depicting each all the strength and vigour of a manhood trained to the last ounce to contest with bare fists for the laurels of a boxer. Nature has gifted both alike with stature and a befitting power of sinew and muscle. The competitors stand on firm feet with body poised for the onset, and with limbs governed by mind as they search in each other's eyes the motive of an opening move. To the spectator the posture would appear to betoken an even struggle with these two types of magnificent virility. Their very nudity, seemingly weaponless, bespeaks the level terms upon which they open the combat. And yet upon the countenance of one of them there steals a frown of contemptuous horror as his quick eye detects that this is for him no equal contest. The open palm of his adversary's right hand discloses a thong which binds a mailed fist upon the knuckles when they close. For one it is to be a life and death struggle. His art must be to parry until he wears out his foe if he can manage it. Canova's two noble boxers stand as all the art world knows in a recess, with but Perseus as a companion, among the treasures of the Ancients collected in the Palace of the Popes. What an acknowledgment of triumph to modern skill!

Damoxenus and Kreugas, chiselled but a century ago, are veritable symbols of Briton and Teuton as they face one another in 1915 in the footholds made by each on the soils of France and Belgium. Nay, more, there is a German ring about the name of the unchivalrous Greek. What leeway have we not to make up to equalise the duel! Here is a picture from the pen of a lady traveller in the country of our Ally: "The boiler had burst, and as all the workmen are making *munitions de guerre* we civil persons must do without hot water! Numbers of chimneys are pouring out black and pure white smoke all round Marseille. All working *night and day* at the output of munitions. Our French officers in the train thought it amazing that English factories open at 6 a.m. They shrugged their shoulders, '*Ces Anglais!*' The workmen here are not asked will they work, they are all enrolled and have to go. At Lyons we saw a great hall full of soldiers lying and resting, waiting for the train to take them on. One of our soldier fellow travellers spoke out his mind—the British nation is still asleep and wants a rude awakening."

When, we may well ask, will our people rouse themselves to give serious thought to the share of the burden which is theirs? When will they learn that they have but to speak to an enemy in the same voice that he speaks to us and with but one tone, and make him tremble for the result of the issue between us? He knows that man for man we are the better in any form of contest.

The unchivalrous form of struggle which the foe has initiated is to be met, we are glad to note, with equal and perhaps more deadly methods. Our code must bend to the low status of that of the foe if the lives of our brave men are to have equal chances. Time and overtime on the part of our workers are the two all-important factors that will put

a prospect of the end in view. How many opportunities have we not already lost? History abounds with military disasters the penalties of lost opportunities, but we English care naught for the teachings of history. The battle on the Clyde last February with its victory for labour has effectually clouded the chances of victory to our arms in Flanders in this month of June 1915. It was no false prophecy that was penned in these letters on that very subject. Will June 1916 see us much further on the road to victory we may ask? Is this callous indifference to the daily slaughter of our brave sons to be allowed to go on for ever? The undertone of objection to speeding up labour by drastic methods that was evidenced in Parliament is much to be deplored. Our workers must bear their share and prove their true worth as sons of the Empire. As a great critic has said, "Labour is dignified only when it ceases to watch the clock and when duty calls is willing to bear a cross". Never did duty call louder to all patriots to focus their minds upon one set purpose. This war will last just so long as we delay bombarding the Germans with shells instead of with words. It is much to be feared that the spirit of our workers has been fed upon a false system of diet. Success is apt to tend to slacken effort for a war purpose in a people who have been taught to live for self and peace and quiet. Reverse to the flag of the country might be a stimulant to greater exertion, for it is an appeal that finds out the real man in a nation. There is nothing quite so painful as the truth, as we have recently had reason to experience. After ten months of war we have recognised that there has been some mishandling of method somewhere. The proof of the discovery lies in the change of Government. History tells us that "Great men no doubt may commit faults, even crimes, with impunity, for the lustre of their achievements throws a shadow over their errors. In such men it is recognised that all is on a colossal scale, deeds and misdeeds. As they are capable of gigantic successes they are also capable of tremendous blunders." For ten months we have been trying to bolster up a fresh lease of the "Fool's Paradise" that we have enjoyed for 99 years. We have paid a heavy premium in life and treasure for the attempt, but in our wisdom we have learnt that it is time to "close the book". This is not the hour to apportion blame, nor for bickering about leaders. It is the hour for national cohesion and for "action" under the best minds that the people can discover. United we stand to win, divided we inevitably shall fail. Let us contemplate the picture that we see before us day after day revealed behind a blood-red curtain.

No strategic purport of the Allied Commander can be fulfilled in the long trench line in the Western theatre until the whole company of actors, managers, scene-shifters, supers on all parts of the stage are battle perfect. We know full well the able use our foe can make of his splendid administration of railway service absolutely to smother in its infancy any disjointed attack. The hitch at Neuve Chapelle, which involved a pause unlooked for, taught us what perfect machinery existed behind the hostile lines to bring up vastly superior numbers both in guns and men to meet one single thrust. The Allies have to crash through simultaneously in more than one spot and in each spot with equal determination ere they can hope to pierce the iron fence many kilometres deep that guards the conquests of the Teuton. This is the only method that promises success, for Nature has precluded the envelopment of flanks on the extended line that stretches taut from the sea to neutral Switzerland. We have tried, and are still trying, a series of local efforts to pinch tactical points in order to deny the enemy the advantages of lateral movement, and if possible to pin him to his trenches, to preclude him the opportunity of using superforce elsewhere. This method of warfare will not bring the struggle to a speedy end. We have reason to know how costly is the procedure. It becomes but a test of the staying power of armed men. Military attrition will develop

first in the nation which has the largest proportion of passive onlookers in the struggle and the smallest proportion of combatants.

Despatches from the Western Front have been silent for many weeks. We are privileged to glean from *Communiqués* that for unforeseen circumstances, due to the introduction of methods which are against all the recognised laws of civilised armies, and which have sullied the good name of a glorious profession, our line has had to be necessarily withdrawn on the north of Ypres, that Hill 60 has been reduced by mine and shell effect to the size of a hayrick, and is of military value only from a sentimental vantage. The contest for the Château of Hooze in this zone has brought out all the splendid qualities of offensive which our cavalry have shown, whether on foot or on horse. The struggles in this region, however, cannot fail to remind us that as far back as the month of November last we were in a much more advanced position in this sector of our line. Farther south the wood of Ploegsteert, better known to our men as "Plug Street", appears to have a peculiar fascination for local trials at arms. A wood in modern warfare is of singular advantage, and especially so in the spring and summer, shielding the possessors as it must from the reconnoitring eye of the airman, but east of this particular wood is to be found two points of much tactical value—a line of rail to Menin and the River Lys. Nature will assist both attack and defence according as brain has been put into the system. Even the unsightly sandbag, if its contents have contained a small modicum of quick-growing seed of some sort, grass or maize, will, when the seed has germinated and forced a growth through the cover, produce a natural tint that will harmonise with the surroundings and delude the eye of both hostile airman and gunner. Science and military art, however, are the factors which must tell in this siege war that dominates the Western theatre. We bumped into some formidable works at Fromelles on the north-east of Neuve Chapelle and had to own to defeat, but have at length established a real ascendancy to the south of that historical village, in the line from Richebourg-l'Avoué to Festubert, but only with help of gun material from elsewhere. La Bassée still defies the joint efforts of ourselves and our Allies to capture, and but awaits the delivery of the means which lie in the hands of our workers. It is terrible to think that the indomitable spirit which animates our men is destined to strain at the leash at the bidding of their own mates at home.

The dogged perseverance of our Ally in his attempt to gain as much footing as he can in the direction of Lens is worthy of high praise. It is this persistent effort to capture a tactical vantage point in the enemy line that is reflected in our own daily casualty lists, for it would be unseemly if by inaction on our own part we permitted our Ally to be overpowered, though it is sad that our efforts are restricted to the pure demonstrative. Carency, Ablain, Notre Dame de Lorette, "the Labyrinth", Souchez, bear witness to the methods which the offensive must take in order that success may be attained. Carefully concealed cemented breastworks, subterranean casemates, galleries, bombproofs, show what brain work has been put into the defence. Our Ally, unhampered by restrictions as to expenditure of shell power, has succeeded foot by foot.

THE ITALIAN ADVANCE.

An army that proposes to move from West to East while a hostile force is in strength to the North contemplates performing what is known in military terminology as a flank march—a most dangerous procedure. The movement therefore of the armies of our new Ally across the Isonzo, whatever be the objective, cannot succeed unless the menace from the Tyrol is placed beyond dispute. Risks may be taken, but as pointed out in a previous letter the guide to strategy in this theatre was written in the war pages of 1796, and the value of the valley of the Pusterthal emphasised. The science of modern defence, especially with the past ten months' experience, may tend to allow of the neutralisation of any large offensive movement

on the part of Austria-Hungary from the region of the Trentino, but Italy will do well to avoid the lure of many fortresses as the main buttress of her system of operation. The passes of the three sectors of the Alps bristle with works of a permanent nature, the glory of the engineer of old time, the death trap of the soldier of the twentieth century. A movable armament, the heavier the better, is the governing factor in these days of scientific warfare, and rail and road are absolute necessary allies for success. We may be sure that, as the offensive has been contemplated by Italy with no sudden inspiration, all the pros and cons for alternative strategy have been thoroughly thrashed out. Nature will come to the assistance of art if a defensive rôle on the north is assumed for an ulterior purpose.

We must never forget that Italy is a naval Power superior to her enemy, and that she has a stain upon her flag at sea inflicted half-a-century ago which only Austrian blood can wipe out. We may live to witness a fleet action in Southern waters and learn from it some lessons which Germans deny to our sailors in the northern seas.

A firm hold on the flank of the army marching eastward may afford the opportunity of a combined land and sea diversion towards the peninsula of Istria. The capture of a naval base, as repeatedly remarked in these letters, is a soldier's job, but the soldier, like a ferret, can bolt the sailor's quarry, and unfavourable as may be the situation for an equal contest, yet a fleet would be indeed in bad straits if she made no effort to fight with the flag flying from the main in such open waters as her enemy accorded.

This war has been the culmination of surprises and disappointments. When two out of four Allies announce to the world after a struggle of ten months that they are setting to work to mobilise their war factories a "thorough" military Power like Germany can afford to play tricks. It is this opportunity which Italy would do well not to lose sight of. Italy stands just now in a position of military isolation. Her armies do not join hands with her Allies. Like neutrals elsewhere she is not yet at war with Germany, but that Power has a doctrine that preaches "Necessity knows no laws", and with such principles she is not likely to stand on the usual ceremony of civilised procedure, but will reverse the order of conducting business and deliver the blow before asking the question. Stricken Russia has altered the picture of war both in the East and in the West.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

SOME NEW LAMB LETTERS.

EDITED BY S. M. ELLIS.

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II.

THE tragedy of Mary Lamb is one of the most terrible in English literature—more terrible than Cowper's. Charles Lamb, who devoted his life to the care of his sister, used to accompany her to the asylum, and fetch her back when she had recovered her reason. One of these mental attacks caused the postponement of Miss Kelly's proposed visit discussed in the last letter, for within a week Lamb had to write:

DEAR MISS KELLY,

All our pleasant prospects of seeing you here are dashed. Poor Mary was taken last night with the beginning of one of her sad illnesses, which last so long. I am here in a new house with her, and without her company. What I expected to be so comfortable has opened gloomily. But I hope she will get through it and enjoy our choice. I hardly know what I write. God bless you and our common friends.

Yours most truly,

Enfield, Chase Side.

1st October, 1827.

CH. LAMB.

Enfield, 10th Mar., 1828.

DEAR MISS KELLY,

Many thanks for your kind consideration about our young friend who is engaged to a clergyman's family near Bury, and it is settled that she goes there in April. But she and we are equally thankful for the communication. Emma* has taken the liberty to name the situation to a young friend who will wait upon you immediately, and whom Emma thinks equally qualified with herself in French, and very superior to her in music, being a most excellent singer also. Emma hopes you will pardon her recommendation—from her intimate knowledge of her young friend, whose disposition she describes as excellent, and her parents and connections as most excellent also. She is about 18, and daughter to Mr. Adams, silversmith, No. 76 Strand, whom I have seen and greatly like. We think this to be the No.—but it is very near Adam Street, Adelphi; but she will call and beg to see Mrs. Bryan or you, supposing Mrs. B. to be still with you. Emma would write, but she is at a school here, where she passes all the time possible in giving a finish to her French and music before her final departure.

Mary is very well, thank God, and joins in thanks and our friendly remembrances to yourself and our common friends, and above all to good Mrs. Bryan, who has been so thoughtful for Emma.

We are fixed here at Enfield, on the Chase, next to Mr. Westwood's Insurance Office, where, whenever you can spare a day and a night, it would be most gratifying to see you with Mrs. Bryan.

Some of us will be in town ere long, and shall try to find you out in your new Old Dean Street, which we hope you find as pleasant as we did Henrietta Street. I should say something about our not having written to you so long, but I am in haste to get this to the post with some others which must go by it, so pray accept a hasty but warm remembrance from us all.

Miss Adams has been five years at school at Mrs. Richardson's, Dulwich, with Emma, who is sure that Mrs. R. would give her the best of characters.

Pray believe us,

Most truly and affectionately yours,

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

Mary Lamb sends her love to Miss Kelly, and she and her whole little household will be most glad to see her at Enfield, and still more if she will prevail upon Mrs. Bryan to accompany her; she has beds at their service, and hopes they will make what stay they can with her. A coach will bring them from the Bell, corner of Leather Lane, Holborn, we believe, at nine in the morning and set them down at the cottage, on the Chase, next door to Mr. Westwood's Insurance Office.

Emma joins us in kindest thanks to Mrs. Bryan for the trouble she took so kindly for her young friend, and we all wait in a pleasant expectation of Monday.

The morning coach, we find, comes at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8, and the afternoon at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3 and $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4, whichever may best suit the ladies.

Pray come, it is more than convenient. In my own hand,

Ever yours affectionately,

M. LAMB.

March 28th, 1828.

Enfield, May 9th, 1828.

Miss Lamb rejoices in the hope of seeing Miss Kelly here on Sunday. Cakes and ale at the Barley Mou,

* Emma Isola, Lamb's adopted daughter. She married Edward Moxon in 1833.

as before. Could not Mrs. Bryan accompany her, as we are richer in beds than before by half a bed?

Charles suggests that perhaps Mr. Arnold will accompany them, which would make a day of it. Do try and persuade him. He shall either have Emma's little bed, and my brother go out, or the latter stay in, and Mr. Arnold *bed* at the Rising Sun. Do come all three.

This is neither note nor letter, confounding 1st and 3rd persons, and 'tis Mary's letter, and yet 'tis written by *me*.

Yours and all yours,

C. AND M. LAMB.

Can you extricate this confusion of plurals and singulars? I cannot. Who's I?

DEAR MISS KELLY,

In great haste setting out to town I write you lest you should by accident come down to-morrow. We shall see you.

Yours very truly,

C. LAMB.

Enfield,

August 30th, 1828.

DEAR MISS KELLY,

Emma's sister waits upon you to solicit two orders for any night that is convenient, according to your kind promise.

We are got safe home, rather quiet and rather dull, with a rainy day before us.

Mary joins in kind love, hoping to see you, with better weather, shortly.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

Friday.

There only remains the following letter from Mary Lamb, which, although it was written before Charles Lamb's proposal to Miss Kelly, may find a place here, for the rare letters of Mary Lamb are now almost as highly regarded as those of her brother. She taught Miss Kelly Latin.

MY DEAR MISS KELLY,

A very pleasant remembrance of you has come to my hands in the shape of a newspaper. The direction is in a good-natured hand-writing, which my brother will have it resembles a hand-writing which he has sometimes seen of yours. Whoever favoured me with it (for there is no name) it has brought you into my mind, with the recollection of the one kind evening which you were able to spare us. You have since been a sad wanderer, and are coming home not exactly, I am afraid, to rest yourself, for labour seems to attend you at home and abroad. Such is the tax which excellence must pay for furnishing an ungrateful world with recreation.

I have heard, I need not say how painfully, that you have been unwell since you left us. It is some satisfaction that you have been able to appear before the Edinburgh audience. If those cold northern people do not appear quite to estimate your powers of giving pleasure, you are soon coming home, where one or two at least know how to value them.

I feel particularly awkward in writing to you for the first time, but I could not let pass even a direction on a newspaper, which is like yours, without attempting to reply to it.

I am afraid our poor Latin is at a standstill, but I will not mix the angry jealousy of a schoolmistress

with the different feelings with which I have the pleasure to subscribe myself,

My dear Miss Kelly,

Your sincerely affectionate friend,

M. LAMB.

P.S.—My brother joins in kindest regards to you. By the bye, he does not think the style of the Edinburgh newspapers so good as that of some other provincial papers.

20, Russel Street, Covent Garden,
6th May, 1819.

In addition to the two letters, already mentioned, which Lamb wrote to Miss Kelly in 1819 on the subject of his proposal of marriage, there are extant also two other communications addressed to the same lady—one from Charles Lamb, dated 6th July 1825, and the other from Mary Lamb, dated 27th March 1820. The originals of these two letters were sold at Sotheby's a few years ago, and are not available for this article.

There are, of course, many references to Fanny Kelly in Charles Lamb's letters to other friends, and in his published works, including "The True Story of Barbara S—", which is based on an incident in the early life of the actress related by her to Lamb.

Charles Lamb lived for fifteen years after the date of his proposal of marriage, and during that remaining period of life, as these letters have shown, he ever found delight in the visits of the woman whose varied gifts had once so greatly charmed him. And when the end came in the little house at Edmonton, as all around grew dim and the fragrant memories of that once-powerful mind were fading fast, perchance "a gleam of Fanny Kelly's divine, plain face" struck the last ray of light through the cruel descending pall of the Great Darkness.

THE SENSE OF FELLOWSHIP.

BY IRENE BERESFORD-HOPE.

ROUND about this town set on a hill among orchards and hayfields, the sense of fellowship seems to be lacking. It is so far from the war, and its links with the fighting-line are so detached. There is a weekly market and a fair with a merry-go-round, and a few strangers to raise curiosity in the streets. There was the Farmers' Fête for the Red Cross Fund, and the excitement of buying contributions, which varied from a race-horse to a tea-cosy, and included an egg laid by a patriotic hen in the market-place while the sale was in progress. But the wounded are far away, except one row of convalescent soldiers to be seen in church on Sunday.

Great Britain commands the sea, but when a sailor strolled along the river-bank the girls turned round in wonderment to watch him, and said: "Look at his trousers—must have come out of the Ark". There is nothing in their daily lives, ringed round with orchards and hayfields, to remind them that upon the Navy, under the good Providence of God, the peace and prosperity of these islands do mainly depend. They know the price of food has risen and that coal is dear; but trees have been felled in the woods, and women and children pass out in procession carrying branches and bundles of sticks on their heads. Zeppelins are no terror so far inland, and for that reason the hotel and lodging-house keepers look forward to a prosperous summer season.

The links with the war are detached. Some say the place seems to be forgotten. Only one recruiting meeting, with a Government speaker, has been held, and he is reported to have won no recruits; there are few posters on the walls, and none of the more dramatic appeals. Many of the men who have enlisted are married, and for this two reasons are given. Either

they realise what happened to the Belgians and will not risk the same happening to their children; or they want a change. The latter is not heroic, but it is illustrated by the example of one man who left nine children, and another who left six. One young unmarried man had bad health for some time, and was sent to a convalescent home. When he left it he tried to enlist, but was refused until he could show he had been at work; he has taken a civil job for a month and is going to offer himself again. What fellowship can there be between him and the young men of a village near, who, gossip says, will not come into this market town for fear they should be made to join the Army? And what fellowship is possible between these two women? One has a son-in-law who gave up his post on the local railway and enlisted in the Engineers. His work has been in England as yet, and the old woman says: "We hope he won't be sent to the Front, but it's selfish, isn't it?" She lives one station farther along the line than her daughter and grandchildren, and goes over to "cheer her up; it's all I can do."

The other woman has five sons at home, and is reported to have said she would rather see them all dead than let any of them go and fight. Whether her desire is to spare them suffering, or whether five civilian funerals would be more satisfactory to her than four military—presuming that all soldiers are bound to be killed, and that one son might remain at home—is unknown; but the wish puts her outside common sympathy. How also can there be fellowship between the woman whose man is in daily danger and the woman who finds suffering and accident "so dreadful I won't read about it"?

The Vicar, reading episcopal exhortations to his parishioners, pauses where "the faithful" are mentioned to interpolate "that is all of you", and calls upon them "to meet with glad and unstinted response whatever demands of service or of sacrifice the Government decides to make". What fellowship is there between those who respond and the young men round about who, having no valued stake in the country, refuse to serve, saying: "What does it matter to me?" or, "We should get our wages just the same from a German master". Even the Volunteers for Home Defence have collapsed for want of attendance at drill.

In the strength of their practical wisdom the people know what would draw them together. An old woman voiced their want by saying "conscription" would be fairer, because the young men are too selfish to go. She stated the date "conscription" would be posted, and welcomed it. Her information was incorrect, but her statement was entirely voluntary. She said that since the Government had taken the railways it was easier to spare the men from the line, and, though she did not push her reasoning further, the conclusion might be inferred.

With such detached links with the fighting-line, with a weekly market and a musical merry-go-round, with two or three strangers in the town as forerunners of prosperity, it is not easy to keep perpetually in mind the living reality of war. Universal Service would bring knowledge to the ignorant and fellowship to those who dwell apart.

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

LET us begin to think about opera and endeavour to realise that by spending a little money upon mental recreation we might enable hundreds of men and women to earn a livelihood without resorting to charity. At present we go in scanty numbers to concerts and do not go at all to opera. Musicians have given their services generously for others, and as a reward the public allows them the choice of appealing for charity or of starving. A class that might remain independent and self-supporting must be reduced to

pauperism—for what reason? Not that people feel it to be self-indulgent at this time to attend musical functions of any sort, for the music-halls are crowded; nor that they literally cannot afford concerts and opera, for they cling to amusements more expensive. Why they should select just the present time for ceasing to amuse themselves in a particular way—i.e., with music—when they might conscientiously declare that every shilling expended on that amusement was doing as much good as if it went into a collecting-box—this passes my comprehension. But so the fact is; and the money which might enable the musicians to live will ultimately have to be paid in charity—to the musicians.

The plight of opera does indeed appear hopeless. Mr. Vladimir Rosing has had to shut up, at least temporarily, after eight nights of disheartening bad audiences. I don't know that we ought to lay the whole blame on the public shoulders. I have met quite a number of people who only knew there was to be a season at all from chance paragraphs in the newspapers, and some first learnt about it from my article a fortnight ago. It should have been advertised in every newspaper and on every hoarding in the Metropolis, but the proceedings were conducted in the darkest secrecy, as though the impresario's plan was strategic; and but for the energy of Mr. Herbert Grove many of us would have known nothing about it. At the same time many of us did know, and the collapse is London's sad silent confession of callousness to music. Incidentally it is a sort of reply also to Mr. Holbrooke. That enthusiastic musician has told us for years that we favour the alien in an outrageous way, that nothing done by an Englishman can succeed nor anything attempted by a foreigner fail; and lo! he is concretely answered. It was not proposed to perform a single native-grown work; and Mr. Rosing has failed entirely, or nearly entirely, because exotic products have not the magic attraction they were supposed to possess. Everything was in Mr. Rosing's favour. Many of the promised operas possess more than the novelty often implied in "first performance"; "Pique Dame", though not powerful, is full of beautiful, ear-haunting melodies; some of the others, I believe, would have surprised us as much as we were surprised by Borodin's "Prince Igor". The principal singers were without exception good; the chorus was exceptionally good. Nothing but high praise could be given to the conductor and orchestra; and the highest praise would not be too high for the beautiful, unostentatious, modest scenery—on the whole the best we have seen in London for years. Yet the result—failure! One dare not recommend Mr. Rosing to go on and try again; for after all it is his money, not ours, he would spend; and there seems no reason to think that what did not in the least entice the public during the first week would do so later. Still, I hope for the best: London at this time of year, with no opera and few concerts, is a desert to a musician.

We have had of course some concerts, and in a few cases the attendances have been encouraging. But some remarks I have made regarding the publicity given to Mr. Rosing's opera scheme—or rather, withheld from it—apply to the doings of many concert-givers. The system of advertising adopted by them would spell ruin if it were tried in any undertaking. We are not told where and when a concert will take place and what will be played or sung—we must diligently delve to find out. An announcement in one or two papers only, and sent to them in the faith that no others are read; a few handbills sent to the libraries, where not a thousandth part of London's population sees them—the agents obviously think that these things done everything needful or indeed possible is done. The remedy is an easy one. Then there is another point. Far too many of the programmes have been distinctly of the kind calculated to frighten people away. I lately discussed the foolishness of the "three B's" scheme and all-British concerts; and we have had afternoons and evenings entirely devoted to composers whose names are entirely unknown to the

British public; and, to make an end of grumbling, why cannot the half-guinea ticket be abolished? Five shillings is the most anyone can pay in such times as these. Were I a public performer I would rather play to a hall-full of five-shilling people than to a small audience of free seats.

These remarks are not, strictly speaking, musical criticism, but perhaps they are more useful. Had their substance been translated into action sooner some really enjoyable functions might have been better patronised. On the whole the best have been the Promenades organised by Messrs. Beecham and Landon Ronald in that monstrous barn, the Albert Hall. I certainly question the wisdom of excluding German music altogether. Bach and Handel, Beethoven, Haydn, and Mozart, even Weber and Wagner, were not responsible for the doings of the Germans to-day; and, anyhow, I cannot see how we are to get on without them. Still, for a while it is interesting to hear some comparatively unknown music. One quality the newest pieces amongst it manifest in common, conventional daring. Composers are growing afraid of being thought timid. Their courage is not of a very difficult order. It is easy to sit down at a desk and set down notes which when played produce a terrible uproar, to devise effects, not for their beauty or expressiveness, but because they have not been used before; and it would take a brave man to be simple, timid in the use of these effects, and confident in the innate strength of music which he knows is true. This was a paradox; but the times give it proof. The lack of real variety in all modern music is the result of this common striving after the unusual and the deadly fear of being unoriginal. Yet there is plenty of promising music being produced, and perhaps when the craze is past the promise may be fulfilled. Mr. Beecham is conducting admirably—much better than he used to, largely because he is less exuberant. Amongst other concerts I can only give a line to-day to the London String Quartet, which has given some fine performances, bringing forward some new things which I will discuss later. Miss Phyllis Lett sent out for her concert on Tuesday a most interesting and skilfully contrived programme; but this, with the accompanying tickets, came into my hands too late. Some day, I hope, I will have better fortune—one is grateful for a perfect programme nowadays. The proceedings of the Oriana Society demand an article to themselves, and they shall have it one day. In the meantime I confess that I am by no means over-enthusiastic about the earlier secular music, while as for the later glees, I'll have none of them at all. The polyphonists invented greatly only when they were driven by profound and intense feeling, and that feeling was invariably religious. The devices of church music used, in a second-hand and second-rate way, for the setting of merely pretty and graceful verses and conceits, resulted in little that is genuinely fine. The secular music falls far below the extraordinary high level reached by Byrde, Christopher Tye, Orlando Gibbons, and the rest; and its interest is largely antiquarian—as we might almost guess without hearing it from the mental type of the men who admire it most. All the same, an interest it certainly possesses; and adequately sung, as it is by the Oriana people, it is always worth spending an evening on.

TO E. L. W.

WHERE the wood catches the thrust
Of green slopes pricked with gold,
And draws their gathered splendour
Into its bosom. Where the fiery breath
Of summer suns is caught and silently
Rebuked to sweetness; where long avenues
Of whispering trees tell secrets to the birds
In England now:
Where love meets love
In some recess, where woodman's axe

Has made a clearing, and the ground
Is woven flowers and moss—the trysting-place
Of all fair dreams of Life,
In England now.

Where the wood dips to the line
Of trenches grey in fading light,
And draws the gathered dead
Into its bosom. Where the fiery breath
Of angry war is slowly spent and stilled,
And nightingales sing songs of other days,
And poplars sigh old memories back again,
In Flanders now:
Where Life meets Death,
And dwells with her, where soldier's axe
Has made a clearing, and the ground
Is trampled flowers and moss—the trysting-place
Of all dark dreams of death
In Flanders now.

P.
Ploegsteert Wood,
May 1915.

DETAIL AND DIGNITY.

TWO generations ago Macaulay wrote: "There is a vile phrase of which bad historians are exceedingly fond: 'the dignity of history'"; and he proceeded, with his usual point and force, to show that, though historians should not record trifles, it is not always easy to distinguish trifles from events of great importance. There are trifles which are by no means trifling. Macaulay was comparing Sir W. Temple's despatches with the love-letters which, during a seven years' courtship, passed between him and the lady who became his wife, and he was pleading on their behalf for attention and respect. They were, it is true, love-letters, and not State papers; but love-letters which betrayed the social feeling of a period. There is no need for any such plea to-day. The tendency now is to overlook what is official and grave and to hunt out the love-letters, foibles, toys and trimmings of history. Macaulay would to-day doubtless have had something vigorous to say as to the passion which has seized upon many writers of converting historical literature into a sort of old curiosity shop, in which every sort of trifle is heaped up together. This is at present a far more common and a far graver evil than the formality and stateliness which Macaulay feared.

No one of course denies the value of detail. The very best biographies that have ever been written—those of Samuel Johnson, Samuel Pepys, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and Jean Jacques Rousseau—are full of personal scraps and fragments without which they would be cold, pallid and unhuman. No one questions that minute details frequently throw stronger light upon the times to which they belong than the most important public business; but it must also be admitted that not all details are illuminating. How are we to distinguish? We must leave it to the sense, humour and imagination of the recorder. Dr. Johnson's nervous trick of touching the posts as he walked home at night is detail of the right kind. It makes his superstition live for us as no amount of statement could do. Boswell had the true genius for detail. The marvel of such a book as Boswell's "Life of Johnson" is that Boswell had a very clear conception of the great outlines of the character of Johnson and his companions, and instinctively picked out the details which brought into relief these great outlines. No circumstance can be too minute or vulgar if it helps the imagination to do its work. If it fails to do that—if a great mass of immaterial detail is introduced into descriptive, and especially biographical literature, the harm which is done is not confined to waste of time and space. Superfluous detail defeats the very object for which it is employed; for, instead of making us better acquainted with the thing described, it simply oblite-

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

LONDON: JUNE 19, 1915.

THE AUTHOR OF "EREWHON".

"Samuel Butler: A Critical Study." By Gilbert Cannan. Secker. 7s. 6d.

MR. CANNAN must have felt at times somewhat hard put to it to write a book of two hundred pages about Butler. He has an entirely correct judgment as to the second-rate quality of Butler's work in philosophy and literature; and it requires literary artfulness to pass off a critical study of such an author so as to conceal the fact of its being just a little superfluous. Mr. Cannan is quite aware that the interest and value of Butler are personal and biographical; and truly if anything remains of importance in Butler for the generation succeeding him, its attention should be aroused through his personality rather than through literary criticism. When Mr. Cannan is biographical, or personally critical of Butler as an original character, we read with pleasure, and feel it quite possible that he might induce some who have not read Butler to do so. They might think Butler still worth the reading, though he is ageing fast. On Mr. Cannan's discreet advice they might read "Erewhon", "Alps and Sanctuaries", and especially "The Way of All Flesh", which all but made Butler a great novelist. It is the one book of Butler, indeed, which seems likely to have some of that future influence on English literature which Mr. Cannan predicts, with somewhat laboured prophecy, in the latter part of this book. Butler has already fathered some of that paradoxical ingenuity of several living writers who embarrass and vex the honest reader with the style and matter of Butlerian satire. Mr. Cannan says somewhere in his book that one of our mountebanks has informed his public that they think he is Nietzschean when, in fact, he is Butlerian.

Butler was the satirist of his epoch, and of the customs and ideas contemporary with him, as Gilbert was; and such satirists are essentially ephemeral. Mr. Cannan's particular judgments on Butler are always correct, and he has contrasted the satire of Swift, with its roots deep in human nature, and therefore mighty and enduring, as against the whimsical, paradoxical, freakish satire of Butler, who lacked poetic power and feeling. Besides, Butler's masters were Defoe, Swift, and Fielding; and why should the writers of the future abandon them for Butler the imitator?

Butler was, no doubt, as regards the younger men, his later contemporaries, *in loco parentis* to some of them who are still writing. His perverse brilliance and ardour in controversy, his Ishmaelitism, his irony, naturally attracted clever young men, who admired and imitated him as the small schoolboy does the elder. But when that generation passes why should the new generations go to Butler rather than to Gilbert? "Erewhon", we should think, is at least as *passé* as "Iolanthe" is without the music. It was essentially satire for the Victorians, its topics the Church and the clergy, and doctrines such as baptism and the literal inspiration of the Bible. A clever young man with a classical education, who had begun to learn a smattering of the science of the period, quarrelled with his father, a clergyman, about baptism, and inspiration, and the rest of the everyday theology of the middle classes at the time; and "Erewhon" was written. Butler continued to rewrite "Erewhon" in various forms, with improvements certainly, up to "The Way of All Flesh", which was written twenty years before his death, though published posthumously. It is quite true that "Erewhon" was the principal satire of its day, and "The Way of All Flesh" almost in the first flight of novels. Someone has said that these two books, and the "Essays on Life and Art" published after Butler's death, are his three "seminal" books. But the harvest from the seed of the first two has been reaped. "Erewhon" now belongs to social and literary history; and with it "The Way of All Flesh", for the life this still has consists in certain

character creations which gave Butler rather unexpectedly a high place amongst novelists. Its frankness and even brutality in presentment of life recalled the earlier English literary spirit; and Butler's imitation of Defoe, Swift, and Fielding restored the model of literary sincerity to the later Victorians and disdained the literary hypocrisies of the days when "Erewhon" was young. This is a real and intelligible influence, which Mr. Cannan was entitled to claim for Butler; and this is probably mostly what he means in his last chapter, "Conclusions". Unfortunately he has not said this simply; he gives dissertations on the principles of criticism interesting in themselves, but appearing to have little direct relevancy to Butler. In this last chapter the puzzled reader will find Butler enveloped in phrase clouds. The facts about Butler are slight. His life was uneventful, and little of his intellectual product remains of value and at the service of a writer of a book about him. The writer of the obituary notice in the "Times" in 1902 observed that Butler had dissipated his strength in grappling with so many diverse subjects that he had left a lasting mark on nothing. Mr. Cannan understands, too, that Butler was not great, because he was so diffuse; or rather that he was so diffuse because he was not a great but a clever man with a crankish temperament, largely compounded of obstinacy and vanity, and with the fatal gift of unusual powers of literary expression. Butler was essentially a controversialist, with the natural shallowness of that character. He always expressed himself in the form of controversy on every subject. This is true from "Erewhon" to "Alps and Sanctuaries". We only remember one exception: the pleasant essay in "Art and Life", "A Walk down Cheapside", which seems to show that Butler without his kink would, if he had then been anything, have been not philosopher, or novelist or dramatist, but an essayist of the Lamb School. Mr. Cannan must have felt the effort to expound the influence of Butler on literature or science—for Butler made his most deliberate and the longest continued of all his aims the influencing of Darwinism—as arduous as if he had undertaken to prove Butler's influence on music past and future because he had practised fugue-writing and imitated Handel. Mr. Cannan has really attempted to infuse the life-blood of the present into a ghost of the past; some parts of his book have therefore an insubstantialness and vagueness quite spectral.

SONGS OF STRONG GONGS.

"Poems." By G. K. Chesterton. Burns and Oates. 5s. net.

FOR the sound and vigour of his verse, for the good cheer he makes, for his appreciation of "health and holiness" as concurrent forces, we can welcome Mr. Chesterton's book of "Poems". From cover to cover there is nothing but the title that strikes us as seriously amiss. The title "Poems" is admirably brief, apparently simple, and it is used on goodness knows how many of small volumes to-day. The writer who takes it for his rhymed lines and metrical efforts can claim common practice in excuse, and Mr. Chesterton has quite as much right to it as the majority of contemporary bards, but the fact remains that it is misleading. A small dictionary assures us that a poem is an "elevated" composition, and we think the dictionary is right. Can a song about convivial company at the Green Dragon off Fleet Street, or a song about drinking cider, or a *ballade* whose *envoi* ends with the prayer, "Will someone take me to a pub?" be truly described as an "elevated" composition?

To find a way out of the difficulty by calling the author a minor poet would be an unpardonable insult. Some are set in that rank because once or twice in otherwise barren lives they have had moments of divine inspiration, but most are only timid poetasters or aspirants for favour of a muse relentlessly aloof. Mr.

Chesterton, assuredly, is not one of these. Verse comes from him in strong and steady flow, and he prefers his "strong gongs" to a defective fiddle. He is no minor poet, but a major journalist, and in saying this we do not for a moment wish to rob him of any claim he has to a stake in contemporary literature. None denies that he is a remarkably clever master of words, but in days of storm he does not parade his cleverness. Since war began, several writers of repute have performed ignominiously—whilst others of greater wisdom have kept silence. Mr. Chesterton is of the small company of those who have done something to increase their reputation. Nothing in this book is better than those verses in which he thanks the enemy for having made peace in his heart between love of country and love of liberty and humanity, before he turns on the Prussians with rending scorn because they are a race

"Who have no faith a man could mourn,
Nor freedom any man desire."

It is in action above all else that he delights. In "Lepanto" he indulges in an orgy of wild music and of colour, and, with less suspicion of artifice, hymns "The March of the Black Mountain" at the beginning of the Balkan War. Mr. Chesterton names his gods fearlessly and abides by them, but we suspect he loves a broil for its own sake. He is for Cross against Crescent, and no consideration would turn him, but once he sings lustily of a riot at an Irish village called Swords, and it is fairly plain that he cares at least as much for the name of the place, for the stampeding of the cattle, and for the sound of blackthorn-blows as for the cause, if any, of the disturbance. It is not that he is insincere, but, decidedly, he is excitable. His verses on love and religious subjects have sweetness, honesty, and a hankering after beauty. Perhaps they can be described as good poetry of a minor order, but they do not represent Mr. Chesterton's peculiar talent, though they show a phase of the man. The political and satirical verses can be dismissed when we have said that they are as smart as they should be.

MARITIME PRIZE IN WAR.

"Prize Droits: Being a Report to H.M. Treasury on Droits of the Crown and of Admiralty in Time of War." By H. C. Rothery, C.B., Registrar of the High Court of Admiralty, 1853-1878. Revised and Annotated by E. S. Roscoe, Admiralty Registrar. Printed under the Authority of His Majesty's Stationery Office. Wyman. 5s.

DURING the European wars in the eighteenth century, and at the beginning of the nineteenth, maritime captures, with their prize money, greatly interested the English people. The subject had a fascinating mixture of naval adventure and of financial gambling, which long before had appealed to the Elizabethan seamen. Officers and crews of the Royal Navy were not the only people who filled their pockets with varied luck, for many of the merchants of London and Liverpool made—and lost—fortunes by privateering. Stories of prize money filled the newspapers, and novelists often used it as a theme.

But when one period of European warfare ended at Waterloo Englishmen soon forgot all about the subject. It came up a little during the Crimean War, but Russian commerce was then too poor a thing to make maritime captures of much importance. Now it has come again into notice, in a more prosaic form, though one which causes the historical basis of naval prize to emerge more clearly than of yore.

The public in the eighteenth century were so engrossed in one branch of maritime capture—enemy ships and cargoes at sea during war—that other aspects have been overlooked. Yet even when some, but only some, of the gallant sailors of the Georgian age were making fortunes at sea, there were captures producing prize money which, though important, attracted little public notice.

Constitutionally all prize belongs to the Sovereign, and therefore, in technical language, is a droit of the Crown. It was only by the grant of the Sovereign that those of our ancestors who happened to be sailors or owners of privateers had a right to the proceeds of prizes captured at sea—a right strictly and definitely limited to commissioned ships in time of war.

But the Crown had further narrowed its own rights by grants to the Lord High Admiral of ships and goods belonging to enemies which came into any port or roadstead in the United Kingdom, and of all goods and ships seized at sea by non-commissioned vessels. There was thus left the Crown of its inherent rights only one—that to vessels and cargoes seized before hostilities broke out by virtue of a favourite proceeding in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, known as an embargo. If this stop or detention was succeeded by war, as it was in 1812, these detained ships and cargoes were condemned by the Prize Court as lawful seizures, and became droits of the Crown. If, as sometimes happened, peace continued—as in 1801, when an embargo was placed on Russian, Danish, and Swedish ships and cargoes—they were restored to their owners. But the theoretic division of droits of the Crown and of Admiralty ceased to have any practical importance after 1702, when Prince George of Denmark, then Lord High Admiral, relinquished his rights to the Crown. The decision of the late Government that individual captors should not receive the proceeds of captures at sea, which was emphasised by the Order in Council of 28 August of last year, but that some grant should be made to the Navy as a whole, has finally placed all maritime prize on its original basis: all captures are now droits of the Crown—in other words, national property, since from 1831 the proceeds of Admiralty and Crown droits have been paid to the Consolidated Fund.

This is a very summary sketch of a much misunderstood subject, which can better be studied in detail in the treatise of the late Mr. H. C. Rothery on Prize Droits, compiled for the Treasury at the end of the Crimean War, which has now been opportunely issued by the Stationery Office in a convenient form. Anyone who reads this work will at once understand that by far the largest part of the captures which have been made during the present war, being seizures of cargo in port, would never have gone at any period of our history into the pockets of the British Navy. The very efficacy of the Navy has prevented the possibility of captures at sea, which cannot occur when the merchant marine of one belligerent will not venture out of port. Thousands of pounds' worth of enemy property have been seized by the Collectors of Customs in English ports, a prosaic act, but more profitable to the Exchequer than the maritime captures of the eighteenth century. Even in that age, however, such seizures in port as occurred sometimes benefited individuals. Occasionally they were persons whom one would least expect to see engaged in prize proceedings. The Rev. William Barker Daniel, author of "Rural Sports", was one of these. He lived at Ramsgate, and discovered that some privateers carried on contraband trade with France. He informed the Government, and, at least in two cases, the "Johanna Elizabeth" and the "Daphne"—vessels which had been brought in as prizes by these privateers—he secured the condemnation of these ships as droits of Admiralty and was granted a large share of the proceeds.

Nowadays the individual has no interest in any form of maritime prize, and this war can add nothing to the romance of maritime capture, though everyone will be glad that so much German property has been condemned by the Prize Court.

NOVELS.

"Hyssop." By M. T. H. Sadler. Constable. 6s.

MR. SADLER is a novelist of considerable cleverness who has missed his period. A generation ago "Hyssop" might have been hailed as a work of

promise, portraying with rare fidelity a particular phase of undergraduate life. But, unfortunately, we have had a surfeit of undergraduate novels by writers of various degrees of ability, and Mr. Sadler has been forestalled.

This is a particularly unfortunate moment to produce a novel of degenerate or decadent tendency. How futile—how sickeningly futile—seem all these youths with their fantastic posturings, their eternal talk of art, their studied epigrams, and morbid indecency. If ever there was a time when we could have read of them without offence, that time is not now. To us they seem mere blots upon the earth, a stupid survival of a period before men were in the grip of reality.

As a phrase-maker Mr. Sadler has his points. He has a preference for the pretty and the precious. One of his characters experiences "a gleam of pallid amusement" at something he sees. The use of the word "pallid" in this connection is thoroughly characteristic of the book. "Hyssop" is primarily the story of the unsuccessful love affair of a shy young undergraduate who has to see his lady-love whisked off before his eyes by a brilliant young man who is in every way unworthy of her. But the author is not very happy in his women. They are vague and shadowy, and never convince us of their reality. He is more successful in his portrayal of a certain type of youth, and his pictures of Oxford life and Commem. balls are quite well done. No undergraduate novel would be complete without its tilt at the dons, and Mr. Sadler is a faithful follower of the convention. We like best the college dean, a type we seem to recognise, who appears rather ashamed of God and always adopted a knowing and almost roguish tone, as of one who realised that the Deity was not quite up to the standards of the college, but that he hoped before long to get matters reformed. Then there was Hamley, the mathematician, who was so aggressively patriotic that it was hard to believe he was a native Briton. "Hamley wrote pseudo-comic arithmetic and algebra text-books, and, according to tradition, wore red, white and blue pyjamas and sang 'Rule, Britannia' in his sleep".

But the book, which starts with some excellent fooling, and as a light-hearted, ragging description of undergraduate life, develops on lines quite unnecessarily unpleasant and nasty. Mr. Sadler presumably intended his concluding chapters to be high tragedy, but they are not.

"The Good Soldier." By Ford Madox Hueffer. Lane. 6s.

In the beginning of this novel Dowell writes: "This is the saddest story I have ever heard". For seven years he has sacrificed himself to a wife whom he has believed to have a weak heart. When she dies he finds that nothing was wrong with her except her character. For seven years he has been her patient, stupid slave, and all the while she and the man he thought his friend have been deceiving him. Certainly the story is depressing, and it amounts in the end to no more than a chronicle of sordid treachery and vice. Mr. Hueffer sees plainly that the whole thing is too unpleasant to form the subject of a direct narrative, so we are asked to become listeners whilst Dowell gives his reminiscences in broken and spasmodic gusts. Gradually the accusations and confessions take shape, and all the while we are made to feel the frightful misery of the man who is supposed to be talking. Yet, perhaps, it may ease Dowell's mind in some way to tell his wretched story with its maudering regrets and passionate outbursts. It is all very cleverly done, and it is clever of the author to contrive that we shall actually picture the miserable widower taking us into his confidence; but it is gloomy company for us to keep, and we draw from it neither pleasure nor profit. Many novelists, we fancy, would like to have the skill which went to writing "The Good Soldier", and most, we believe, would make better use of it.

"Behind the Thicket." By W. E. B. Henderson. Max Goschen. 6s.

The poet turned novelist usually has the defects of his qualities, and Mr. W. E. B. Henderson, who is quite a good poet, is no exception to the rule. He considers it necessary to condescend to elaborate artifice in the writing of quite a slight and simple story. He is convention-bound. He writes in a stilted, unnatural fashion. His characters speak as it is to be hoped never yet men spoke. They are perseveringly sprightly, and the dialogue is of the order that can only be described by that odious word "smart". That is to say, it is cheap and meretricious, and meant to be funny. Mr. Henderson has not much subtlety in character delineation. His men and women are very good or very bad, and when Mr. Henderson thoroughly dislikes a character he can make him very nasty indeed. And he can never be simple or direct. A talk about gardening is described as "herbaceous conversation", and the offer of a drink is "ministering to alcoholic desires". In manner and style the book is just about as bad as it can be. But what redeems it are the touches of real poetic instinct and a genuine feeling for uncommon beauty. Mr. Henderson is alive to the glamour of the woods, to that sense of awe and mystery that emanates from their silent recesses. And he has the capacity for conveying to the reader this sense of lurking presences in quiet places and for conjuring up strange fancies and imaginings, pagan whisperings, from a haunted past when Pan roamed the earth.

"The Voyage Out." By Virginia Woolf. Duckworth. 6s.

This is a strange, well-written book in a great many ways, but its outlook on life is diseased. A feeling of hopelessness and futility lingers about its pages. It is strangely uneven. Strong characterisation, astonishing little bits of writing alternate with dull descriptions and futile conversations. The characters have all distinct personalities. Rachel, the heroine of the tale, is a living being. Tragic, sombre, curiously unpleasant in some ways, ignorant and clumsy, she yet dominates the book. It is not very true to life as we live it or see it; but Miss Woolf has placed her characters in a far-off country, where anything might happen. But the outstanding feature of the book from an artistic point of view is Miss Woolf's word pictures, in miniature. Rachel, describing the aunts with whom she discontentedly lives, says: "They are probably buying wool. . . . They are small, rather pale women, very clean. We live in Richmond. They have an old dog, too, who will only eat the marrow out of bones. . . . They are always going to church. They tidy their drawers a good deal".

We can see the two maiden aunts buying wool, fingering it. Rachel herself is described by one of the characters in the book: "Oh, Rachel; it's like having a puppy in the house having you with one—a puppy that brings one's under clothes down into the hall". Rachel stumbles through her short life, and tragically ends it. She was not one of those whom the gods love, though she died young.

"Love Birds in the Coco Nuts." By Peter Blundell. Lane. 6s.

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at once followed by a fusillade. The soldiers' nerves were on edge continually—so much so that severe punishment was given to any soldier who aimlessly fired his rifle. In such circumstances Professor Grondys has to conclude that the panic at Louvain was not the cause, but the excuse for the sack which followed. In this, as in many other matters, Professor Grondys's book is an important document.

"The Campaign of 1914 in France and Belgium." By G. H. Ferris. Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.

This book has an important appearance, but it need not be very seriously regarded. Its chief intention seems to include some "special correspondence" of Mr. Ferris during his late travelling in and about the Western theatre of war. There is nothing essential in his account of the campaign which is not already printed and accessible; so we must fall back for the book's justification on the descriptions and reflections with which the author's strategy is padded. These are not very distinguished or moving. In view of the big events they furnish it is difficult to receive them with patience. Cheapness and facility of observation are habits encouraged—and even useful—in journalism; but they are out of keeping with a theme such as Mr. Ferris has too lightly undertaken to exploit.

"The Story of Napoleon's Death-Mask." By G. R. de St. M. Watson. Lane. 6s. net.

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"Home Life in China." By Isaac Taylor Headland. Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.

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"If faults in your parents by chance you should see,
Reprove them and help them to virtuous be."

Professor Headland's translations of the numerous maxims governing the life of the youth of China, if they lack literary grace, are distinctly informative, and to Western minds they must often appear humorous, though undoubtedly sound. Other chapters in the book are devoted to marriage, concubinage, religion, servants, shops, dress, and recent changes. The author's knowledge of the country is exceptional, but here and there he is unreliable when political questions are at issue.

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rates it from the eye of the mind. Detail, in more ways than one, is a dangerous master for the historian. The unimaginative smother themselves beneath it; and the imaginative are often tempted to make a false start from some vivid detail that catches their fancy. Carlyle, for instance, harps so constantly on the fact that Robespierre's complexion was "sea-green" (*verdâtre*), that his whole theory of the man is sensibly modified by it. Yet there is really little evidence for the fact. It may be that the person who so described him saw him when he was standing in a particular light, or when he happened to be bilious, or when he was bilious himself; and if any of these suppositions is true, Carlyle's picture becomes unauthentic. Even if Robespierre was "sea-green", it does not follow that his character was either affected or expressed by the epithet. All this means that it is probably safer to say, generally, that Robespierre was a great rascal than to try to say, from details gathered from the onlooker, that he was a particular kind of rascal.

There is one particular way in which detail falsifies history. It is pointed at in the phrase so often used that this or that period in history was "a curious quaint time". "Quaintness" is a necessarily false impression. It is formed at almost any time by over-study of detail, and it is a very false and injurious impression, for it slurs the essential resemblances which exist between all ages, and leads us to think superficially of past times, as if the people who lived in them were characters in a costume play or novel, and not men and women like ourselves. It is no more "quaint" in reality to wear a square-cut coat, a cocked-hat, and shoes with buckles in them, than to wear Burberrys and a tail. A hundred years hence the one will probably seem as "quaint" as the other. The uniform of the foot guards a half-century ago, with its white lace epaulets and cut-away coat, was as "quaint" as anything could possibly be, yet no one thought it so whilst it was familiar to the eye. The outrageous eighteenth-century hoops are supposed to throw more light on the English of that day than cart-loads of despatches; but can anyone profess in our own day to learn very much about English character from "The Lady"? The truth is that we must be contented to be largely ignorant, not only about past times, but about our neighbours and even about ourselves; and though, if we choose, we can paint lively and clever caricatures of either the one or the other from observation of their manners and their clothes, we can only cheat ourselves with the appearance of knowledge. We know that the Revolution happened in 1688, that there were great wars with the French during the next quarter of a century and that many books of various degrees of merit which still remain were written during the same period; but we shall not discover what manner of men and women they were who did these things from odds and ends about their manners, customs, hats and petticoats.

Independently of the deceitfulness of details, their profuse employment has a strong tendency to deprive literature, and especially historical literature, of its principal advantage. It is the function of literature and history to carry us out of what is temporary and accidental into what is permanent and essential. That a man was good or bad—that he was a great poet, a great statesman, or a great soldier—that he added to the common stock of knowledge, or that he committed crimes against his country and race—these are the matters which it is the business of literature to record. They may be recorded either by means of small things or by great ones. A man may display his character by the way in which he treats his dog as well as by the way in which he commands an army; but it is a poor thing to neglect the true object of history, and to degrade it into petty gossip. People who enjoy the minutiae which are so diligently collected in the present day for the purpose of "illustrating" past times are as a general rule anxious principally to be saved the trouble of anything like real or serious thought. They have a curiosity to know how the petty matters which they care for in the present day were managed in past times. The people who want to know

what Napoleon wore at the battle of Waterloo are the people who study the costume of a fashionable bride or wonder what the popular actor-manager has for supper. Nothing is more detestably vulgar than the anxiety which a certain class of people show to know the details of the daily life of celebrated living men. The popular author, actor, politician, is constantly beset by visitors who want to know whether he gets up earlier or sits up later than usual; whether he writes with a fountain or quill pen, how he feels when he is making speeches. Of course, when a man has been dead for more than a century, this kind of curiosity does not inflict the personal inconvenience which it does when it is applied to the living, but its essential character is the same. It is infected through and through with the vice which it is one of the principal objects of literature to repress.

THE CHATTERERS.

(For the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else, but to tell or to hear some new thing.—ACTS xvii., 21.)

DEMOCRACY, thou art a chattering jade,
That from the silver currency of speech
Withdraws the gold of silence! thus to teach
How licence out of liberty is made.
If we must prate in peril as in peace,
And those who know must talk as well as act,
Let us take consolation from the fact
Rome was once saved—by cackling of her geese!
Our sacred birds in Parliament and Press,
To please a nation having itching ears,
Would force the silence of the Powers that be—
Are we so weak, then, that in times of stress
We cannot discipline our hopes and fears
To bear a silence that aids victory?

ARTHUR J. WHYTE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GLORY OF FRANCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

16 June.

SIR,—For the first time in the world's history the civilised nations of the earth are combined to crush an unholy alliance, of which two of the parties are miserable dupes of Germany, which seeks to set herself in the person of her insane and criminal ruler over the world by brute force, and to substitute paganism and tyranny for Christianity and liberty. The foul plot, as we know, all but met with a great initial success. Germany, with wonderful perseverance and marvellous secrecy, had prepared for this war for at least a generation, and she fell upon other countries, including our own, which were utterly unprepared. The blow was cleverly delivered, and Paris was all but reached; this was thwarted by the incomparable valour of Sir John French's "contemptible little army", which just filled the gap in the line and once for ever shattered the German boast of invincibility, with our glorious French Allies. Little did the bragging Kaiser and his General Staff know what the French people and French Army were like, in spite of all their spies; nor did they understand that the French Army system, though thoroughly democratic, could produce soldiers far better as fighting men than their own over-driven and bullied automatons. France with such a spirit as animates her to-day is invincible, and even without her Allies she would have given up her last man rather than have yielded to the German reptile. She has no strikers or slackers—if she had, they would be regarded and treated as traitors; the whole nation to a man is united and determined to conquer in this great war of liberation against the modern Red Raider and his barbarian hosts, and we must indeed feel proud to be allied to a people whose Army a hundred years ago finished

its career under the great Emperor by giving a terrible beating to the Prussians at Ligny on 16 June 1815, only to be defeated at Waterloo by Wellington reinforced by 80,000 Prussians in the evening, a force larger than Napoleon's whole army.

Your obedient servant,

ALFRED E. TURNER.

"FRANCE EXPECTS—."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Paris,

13 June 1915.

SIR,—I read with much interest, though not without some *gêne*, the letter of Mr. Walter Shaw Sparrow which you printed in your last issue. I have done my best—*pro virili parte*—for fifteen years to make England and France more intelligible to each other, and while I value frankness and a knowledge of responsibilities as indispensable ingredients of that understanding I cannot but feel sensitive to possible exaggerations. I am afraid that some of Mr. Sparrow's quotations may be apt to mislead your readers and give them a wrong idea of the feeling of France towards her nearest Ally. Certainly there is a contrast between the comparative security in which England lives and the misery which the enemy's occupation of a large part of the French territory causes; and it is a fact that if almost a year ago the public over here had been told that the hopes born of Lord Kitchener's unforgettable speeches would be disappointed after all those months by lack of ammunition implying the annihilation of men there would have been dismay. But the French have adapted themselves to the situation, cruel as it is, and there will be no repining even if it should be prolonged over another winter campaign. On the other hand, we are too familiar at home with the consequences of insufficient preparation to repent it in our Allies. In fact, I never hear any bitter words except when news comes of another strike in England, and even then the blame is discriminating.

On the whole, confidence in the British Government is undiminished, Lord Kitchener's name is as popular as in the first weeks of the war, the British Army is deeply respected, and, above all, the historic belief in English persistency and efficiency is stronger than ever. I have not the least doubt that if a success of both armies on our front should be announced the silent patience which I cannot help admiring in my countrymen would promptly be galvanised into an enthusiasm in which England would have her large share.

Yours faithfully,

ERNEST DIMNET.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

St. James's, S.W.,

16 June 1915.

SIR,—Notwithstanding the fact that I regard Mr. Sparrow's letter as a *brutum fulmen* for all practical purposes, I do not think it should be allowed to escape criticism altogether, if only for the sake of your readers. I therefore propose to criticise it. In the first place I flatly refuse to believe that Mr. Sparrow has correctly represented the feeling of the French nation towards this country. The French are a sensible people and are comporting themselves in a most admirable manner during the present war; but they know that they do not, and never will, understand their British Allies, and are much too sensible to expect that those Allies will behave in exactly the same way as themselves. Is it not common knowledge (on the Continent) that all Englishmen are mad? The two nations are as the Poles apart in everything, and it would be nothing short of a miracle if they both behaved in a similar manner at the present time.

The spirit in which the British nation has faced the war is certainly bewildering, but it is just as characteristic of

the race as the spirit of the French. Our curious social system has created a nation of sporting individualists, quite incapable of being organised in the French or German sense. It has its obvious disadvantages, but it has also its obvious advantages. No army, except one composed of sporting individualists, could have successfully fought the great battle of Mons.

Mr. Sparrow's plausible but fallacious comparison between the forty miles battle-line held by the British and the five hundred miles held by the French is, I presume, intended as a kind of taunt. If rightly considered, it is a grave slur on the generalship of General Joffre.

I do not propose to criticise seriously Mr. Sparrow's "tandem" simile. I will merely remind him of an institution called the British Navy, without whose kind permission neither the French nor the British Army would be able to fight at all.

Yours faithfully,

C. J. A.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14 June 1915.

SIR,—It seems to me that Mr. Shaw Sparrow is something less than fair to England in his letter headed as above. He represents our country as playing the part of a cheerful slacker; we have been gaily "admiring our own movements", and leaving the bulk of the struggle to our Allies. I cannot help believing that such letters do an equal disservice to both France and Great Britain, and are equally unjust to both. For I am sure that no fair-minded and sensible Frenchman—and in what country shall we find so much good sense?—entertains the discontent with our action that Mr. Sparrow attributes to him. For one thing, Mr. Sparrow totally ignores the services of our Navy, which he does not even mention. There appears to be no limit to what some critics expect from poor old England, and no degree of blame which they are unwilling to cast upon her. She must not only (rightfully enough) lend the whole weight of her Navy, a tremendous asset; she must also raise armies as large as those that are raised in France and Russia; and, in addition to this, she must make munitions for all the Allies. Is this fair? In any case, it is clear that the Allies themselves make no such absurd claims.

Yours truly,

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

BOGUS VICTORY POSTERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

10 June 1915.

SIR,—Galicia to-day and the war generally show how right the SATURDAY REVIEW has been all through in its solitary and continuous protest against the placards announcing mighty victories over the German, Austrian, and Turk, which disgraced London through last winter and this spring.

The SATURDAY REVIEW has been from the first indeed lamentably right; and the placards might well have been stopped long ago. The time has come when they should be dealt with: there should be a censor of placards or posters. Let us not forget that the sensational poster or placard, screaming its news of bogus victories, has been largely responsible for the feeling of false security and the belief that Germany could easily be disposed of.

Yours faithfully,

AN OLD-FASHIONED JOURNALIST.

THE AUSTRIAN BUTCHER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 June 1915.

SIR,—Now that Italy has cast in her lot with the Allies, there is likely to be a revival of reminiscences of incidents connected with previous Italo-Austrian campaigns. There

must be many surviving Italian seniors who can recall the cruelties of the Austrian tyrant, General Haynau, who left a hated name after his ruthless severity during the campaigns of 1848-49, and earned the soubriquet of "Woman-flogger" after the capture of Brescia. It has not infrequently been recorded that when he came to England in 1850 and visited Messrs. Barclay and Co.'s brewery, the draymen treated him to a ducking in the vats. But things in reality did not quite go to this extent, although the intent was good. Witness the following account in "The Household Narrative", September 1850:

"On the 4th instant, three foreigners, one of whom wore long moustachios, presented themselves at the brewery of Messrs. Barclay and Co. for the purpose of inspecting the establishment. According to the regular practice of visitors, they were requested to sign their names in a book in the office, after which they crossed the yard with one of the clerks. On inspecting the visitors' book, the clerks discovered that one of the visitors was no other than General Haynau, the late Commander of the Austrian forces during the Hungarian War. It became known all over the brewery in less than two minutes, and before the General and his companions had crossed the yard, nearly all the labourers and draymen were out, with brooms and dirt shouting out, 'Down with the Austrian butcher', and other epithets of rather an alarming nature to the General. He was soon covered with dirt, and, perceiving some of the men about to attack him, ran into the street to Bankside, followed by a large mob, consisting of the brewers' men, coal-heavers, and others, armed with all sorts of weapons, with which they belaboured the General. He ran along Bankside until he came to the George public-house, when, forcing the doors open, he rushed in and proceeded upstairs into one of the bedrooms, to the astonishment of the landlady, who soon discovered his name and the reason of his entering her house. The furious mob rushed in after him, threatening to do for the 'Austrian butcher'; but, fortunately for him, the house was very old-fashioned and contained a vast number of doors, which were all forced open except that of the room in which the General was concealed. The mob increased at that time to several hundreds, and the landlady became alarmed about her own property as well as the General's life. She accordingly despatched a messenger to the Southwark police-station, and in a short time a party arrived, and with great difficulty dispersed the mob and got the General out of the house. A police galley was at the wharf at the time, into which he was taken and rowed away towards Somerset House, amidst the shouts and execrations of the mob. At Waterloo Bridge a cab was procured, and he was conveyed to Morley's Hotel. On the evening of the 6th he left London for the Continent."

It is recorded that Albert, Prince Consort, expressed horror on hearing of the incident, but that Lord Palmerston, on the contrary, roared with laughter. Her Majesty Queen Victoria, too, it must be remembered, was pronouncedly anti-Garibaldian.

The Italians have not forgotten—their writers, like Antonio Fogazzaro, have done their best to perpetuate this memory—how several of their saintly priests were tortured and killed at Mantua, the headquarters of so much political persecution by the Austrian Government during the years 1830-59, and how the aged mother of one of these martyrs found the young Empress Elizabeth deaf to her prayers that her son's body might be restored to her, and receive burial in consecrated ground.

Yours faithfully,
ALGERNON WARREN.

THE UTMOST PARTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Dunk Island,

27 April 1915.

SIR,—On the coast of North Queensland, under the shadow of Hinchinbrook Island, rough and mountainous throughout its whole extent, lies the picturesque hamlet of Cardwell,

the oldest and now the quietest port between Townsville and Thursday Island. When the first news of the great war came and an appeal was made on behalf of the Red Cross, the inhabitants, about 30 in number, with one accord set about the establishment of a collecting branch and also arranged a succession of entertainments on behalf of the fund. Donations and receipts from the concerts and dances total nearly £120. As an illustration of the economy with which the entertainments are managed I am enclosing one of the admission tickets. I understand there are practically no expenses. The good folks gather together for social pleasure and with the thought that from their remote and forgotten corner of the Empire may issue something for the solace and comfort of the heroes ashore and afloat whom they will never forget.

Yours very truly,
E. J. BANFIELD.

FROM AMERICA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

New York, U.S.

SIR,—About the time the war broke out there appeared in the American Press a "poem" written by a German, who characterised England as "the Serpent of the Sea". Yet was there ever a nation in the world whose navy more merited that description than the German? For never did a navy commit such dastardly crimes. Never in the history of nations or of naval wars has there been catalogued more damning evidence of the subtlety, the utter devilry, of depraved human nature than the history, thus far, of this war has revealed on the part of Germany. In effect, the German navy's main achievements have been achievements which should bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of all self-respecting and honour-loving Germans—for it is to be assumed that there are such still existing. In any event, it is high time to adopt drastic measures for the extermination of the hateful progeny of German "sea serpents".

EDWIN RIDLEY.

A GREEK VIEW OF ENGLAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—You have given your columns to further many a salutary warning to the nation. But the writing and reading of lessons to the people on our follies and procrastination fall too often as piping to those who hear not. What an object-lesson is contained in the extract from a Greek paper sent by Z. to your recent issue! The reference to gas makes us wonder—will Lord Stanhope's word finally prevail, or the view that we should shun the use of the infamous weapon?

How far will this objection go? Until some still more successful and deadly use of gas has sent tens of thousands of brave men to a cruel death and opened the road to Calais, the Channel, and the shores beyond?

Are just retaliation and retribution to be ciphers?

Let the voice of suffering armies decide these matters—not Bishops, nor even Archbishops.

Yours, etc.,
H. N. TRAVERS.

"SOCIOLOGY."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Positivist Society,
11, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.,
12 June 1915.

SIR,—In your issue of 5 June the reviewer of Professor Keller's "Societal Evolution" refers to Herbert Spencer as "the inventor of the word sociology". This is an error.

The word "sociologie" was invented by Auguste Comte, being used by him in his *Cours de Philosophie Positive* (Vol. IV., p. 185 of the second edition). The preface of this volume is dated 23 December 1838, when Spencer was only eighteen years old.

Yours faithfully,
S. H. SWINNY.

FASHION IN WORDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—There are two words which it seems to me it has become the fashion to use in a wrong sense. One is the word "realise" and the other "imagination". The former surely means to cause one to alter one's former judgment. For instance, I see a nice-looking dog looking at me in a friendly way; I go up to him to stroke him, but as I come near his hackles begin to rise and his teeth to show: I "realise" I was mistaken in thinking he would let me pat him.

People now use the word for something obvious, where I would use the word "know". For instance, they say when a dog flew at them and was on the point of biting them that they "realised" he was going to bite them.

"Imagination" is now used to mean sense or experience. If a man sees ten thousand of the enemy advancing on him, I should say he knew he would be killed if he did not do something to avoid them; but it is the fashion to say it is because he has "imagination" that he is able to save himself.

If a man gets into a boat without provisions or water, I should say he is lacking in sense or experience; but writers now call it "want of imagination".

Yours, etc.,
ENQUIRER.

AN UNAUTHENTIC CONVERSATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ravenswood, 45, Sutton Court Road,
Chiswick, W., 16 June 1915.

SIR,—The "authenticated dialogue" between those Elizabethan notables quoted by the Rev. J. P. Bacon Phillips from "The Mirror" for 16 June 1832 shows three signs of a lack of authenticity:

(1) It is not (one gathers from what your correspondent says) accompanied by any statement or clue as to where this "only to be met with in one or two scarce books" dialogue is to be met with prior to 1832.

(2) Its style is Georgian rather than Elizabethan.

(3) Had Francis Bacon discussed any such legend—is there one?—about "a certain arch in Trinity College, Cambridge", he most certainly would have mentioned the similar legend about Friar Roger Bacon's tower at Oxford.

Even in Tudor times there was a legend, referred to in verse, that Roger Bacon's tower at Oxford would fall directly the first wiser man than Roger Bacon walked beneath it—a good point for satirists that was, of course, taken advantage of by some.

Yours, etc.,
J. DENHAM PARSONS.

"MOUSEHUNT."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

79, West Park Gardens,
Mortlake Road, Kew, S.W.,
17 June 1915.

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent's query, in East Anglia a "mousehunt" is a local term for a weasel as distinguished from a stoat.

Yours faithfully,
J. B. G.

The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW cannot be responsible for manuscripts submitted to him; but if such manuscripts are accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes every effort will be made to return them.

REVIEWS.

ORDEAL BY BATTLE.

"Ordeal By Battle." By Frederick Scott Oliver. Millan. 6s. net.

[Published this week.]

ALREADY a myriad pages have been published on the War and its causes, but now at last a sequence of pages grows into a genuine Book, a great and necessary adventure in difficult truth-telling. With a courage that never for a moment tires, Mr. F. S. Oliver anticipates the verdicts that our grandchildren will write and speak; and his qualities as a good historian—his wit and humour, his searching irony, his wide knowledge and unbiased candour—have won for him the right to speak for posterity. To fight that the next generations may fare better than our own is an evident duty; but the fight must be in all respects an ample charity, and this it cannot be if its methods form an inheritance of inept statesmanship rescued by the long self-sacrifice of patient Allies. So Mr. Oliver has made his appeal to the very mixed conscience of Britain, which during many years has been clouded and disturbed by varied cant and prejudice and illusion.

He knows that truth in the political world is often feared as a high explosive. While blowing to smithereens the make-believes and lies that approved vote-catching stereotypes, truth kills reputations and destroys the false ideas which imperil the State in order to flatter vanities bred and fostered by small men of a day. War is the greatest of all truth-finders, and Mr. Oliver relates what the present war, in its causes and in its ten months of testing vicissitudes, has made known to his accurate observation. There is no trace of party bias to mar the perfect frankness that national lessons need. He shows how the people have been hoodwinked variously by politicians and their henchmen; how the party system has degenerated into huge rival engines for keeping unpleasant facts as secret as possible from the electorate; how our foreign policy for many years has been a foolish game of bluff because it has tried to safeguard honour and peace with inadequate military defence; and how our national habit of make-believe, wonderfully active before the war, is busy even now, advocating weak compromise lest the people should rebel against equitable and manly thoroughness. Mr. Oliver trusts the people as he trusts the Army and Navy. What he cannot trust is the half-truth that fears to make duty imperative: the half-truth of bad leadership. He believes the people will be generously obedient under discipline if their leaders become generously truthful in co-ordinated appeals to their good sense and honour. To believe less than this after ten months of war is to place the British people on a much lower level than the German stay-at-homes, whose loyalty bears with wonderful courage gathering losses a hundredfold worse than our own.

Mr. Oliver is alert and wide-awake to the devilish evils in the spirit of German statecraft, just as he is wide-awake to the feeble dangers in the recent spirit of British policy; but, as a true historian, he gives the devil his due, and he sees in the German stay-at-homes a dutiful fortitude that no ruler could coerce into being. It is a voluntary contribution to disciplined service, and it counteracts in Germany the disappointments that come from the want of genius in German field tactics and strategy. Perhaps Mr. Oliver dwells too long on German statesmanship and its dreams and methods. The late J. A. Cramb examined these matters admirably, and our own countrymen have follies enough of their own to review with an ever-increasing penitence. "As water is the result of blending oxygen and hydrogen in certain proportions, so is the present war the resultant of German militarism and British anti-militarism in combination." This mixture in the origins of the war is the subject of "Ordeal by Battle", and the British ingredient is the more worthy of thorough examination because it is not yet understood by a great many persons in Great Britain. As Mr. Oliver points out, Lord Roberts received no public apologies

from his traducers, and no pacifist has regretted the part he played in the cooing provocations offered habitually after German warnings to German greed and contempt.

In fact, there is now in vogue an attitude to the causes of the war that may be described as the Sunday-schoolboy's piety.

This view of the war is exceedingly popular in many quarters. It belongs to the warrior feelings that pacifism has developed in those half-repentant writers and newspapers that value a brisk circulation. But Mr. Oliver notes with care that one "pacifist section, which has already been clamorous for putting forward peace proposals, seems very anxious that we should forget, or at any rate ignore", the criminal acts of Germany, though "humanity" is the stuff they have set up their bills to trade in". This weak section of the public must be watched, and Mr. Oliver fears that other sections do not yet understand that democracy is on trial for its life. Before the war, in Belgium, in France, in Great Britain, democracy was pugnacious in its home affairs and negligent in its military defence. Among our own people and their rulers no principle of defensive common sense was properly active. People spoke as if a great Navy would keep the British Empire safe even if Germany won control over the policies of France and Russia. It was forgotten that Nelson and his final victory failed to crush Napoleon; that land war has ever been the decisive factor when despotism has tried to subdue the Continent. Mr. Oliver penetrates into all the many evils that sent us ill-prepared into a war that Germany had advertised in blatant warnings. Many a reader will not like his frank verdicts, because men as well as muddles are examined and cross-examined, and all statesmen and their followers do not expect to receive in their lifetime that humbling justice which is meted out to admirals and generals after failures. Mr. Oliver says on page 401:—

"The smaller fry of politicians, whose fears—like those of the monkeys—are more easily excited by the front-row of things which are visible than by the real dangers which lurk behind in the shadow, are always much more terrified of opinion than of the facts. This is precisely why most politicians remain all their lives more unfit than any other class of man for governing a country. Give one of these his choice—ask him whether he will prefer to support a cause where the facts are with him, but opinion is likely for many years to be running hard against him, or another cause where these conditions are reversed—of course he will never hesitate a moment about choosing the latter. And very probably his manner of answering will indicate that he thinks you insult his intelligence by asking such a question. It is only the very rare type of big, patient politician who realises that the facts cannot be changed by opinion, and that in the end opinion must be changed by the facts, if the two happen to be opposed. Such a one chooses accordingly to follow the facts in spite of unpopularity. The little fellows, on the contrary, with their large ears glued anxiously to the ground, keep ever muttering to themselves, and chaunting in a sort of rhythmical chorus the most despicable incantation in the whole political vocabulary:—'We who aspire to be leaders of the People must see to it that we are never in advance of the People. . . The People will never stand this; the People will never stand that. . . Away with it therefore; and if possible attach it like a mill-stone round the necks of our enemies'. Of course they are quite wrong. The People will stand anything which is necessary for the national welfare, if the matter is explained to them by a big enough man in accents of sincerity."

Even to-day some Radical newspapers assert with pride that the People will never stand discipline like soldiers and recruits. It is always the most bumptious democrats that fear and coddle a democracy, in order to degrade it to their own level. But "the special type of politician whose influence has wrought so much evil of late is no peculiar product of the Liberal party. He is the product of the party system in its corrupt deca-

dence. You find him in the ranks of the Opposition as well as in those of the Ministerialists, just as you find good and true men in both. In this last lies our hope. In our present trouble good and true men have a chance of taking things into their own hands, which has been denied to them for many generations."

Like all men who think with honour after studying the ups and downs of modern history, Mr. Oliver is a firm devotee of obligatory National Service. His policy in this great matter corresponds with that which the SATURDAY REVIEW has advocated incessantly. He sees that in this matter the voluntary system has been a sham, often a despicable sham. Prisons were emptied into the Army in those days when Pitt and Nelson and Wellington saved the Empire. Then, too, as in later times, the principal recruiting agents were hunger and failure and misery. The people were purchasers who hired a man here and there to die for them in Spain or in France. With another man's blood they bought their ease at home and were proud of their freedom and morality. There is no accounting for illusions and bad tastes; but Mr. Oliver fights with the Army when he ridicules with ironic wit the detestable make-believe of compulsive volunteering. Colonel Seeley declared that a British volunteer—a conscript of hunger who accepted a wage below the market level, and whose contract was binding for a term of years—was worth ten conscripts of the State in any other country. Such vanity deserves to be humbled by events, and Mr. Oliver shows how it has been humbled by the compulsive efforts which have raised vast armies during the past ten months. He declares, too, with justice, that "freedom" has lost for ever its British meaning as an exemption from personal service in defence of the realm:—

"From the national point of view, it is ennobling that at some period of their lives the great majority of citizens should have served the commonwealth disinterestedly. This after all is the only principle which will support a commonwealth. For a commonwealth will not stand against the shocks, which history teaches us to beware of, merely by dropping papers, marked with a cross, into a ballot-box once every five years, or even oftener. It will not stand merely by taking an intelligent interest in events, by attending meetings and reading the newspapers, and by indulging in outbursts of indignation or enthusiasm. It will stand only by virtue of personal service, and by the readiness of the whole people, generation by generation, to give their lives and—what is much harder to face—the time and irksome preparation which are necessary for making the sacrifice of their lives—should it be called for—effective for its purpose. If the mass of the people, even when they have realised the need, will not accept the obligation of national service they must be prepared to see their institutions perish, to lose control of their own destinies, and to welcome another master than Democracy, who it may well be will not put them to the trouble of dropping papers, marked with a cross, into ballot-boxes once in five years, or indeed at all. For a State may continue to exist even if deprived of ballot-boxes; but it is doomed if its citizens will not in time prepare themselves to defend it with their lives."

All this, no doubt, is obvious, but to many Britons there is a labyrinth of doubt in the obvious, and a haven of refuge in mere illusion. Here is one cause of the present war.

We wish that Mr. Oliver had added to his thoroughness a complete review of the dangers of industrialism, both national and international. For many years industrialism has been a pitiless warfare unarmed, and Mr. Oliver notices that it brings old age at forty to workmen who serve its needs loyally. Its casualties are enormous, and its demoralising effects are advertised in the fact that a year's work in the rescue of children from cruelty assembled 115,002 of them for our national humiliation. If pacifists gave their time to this form of warfare they would soon learn that industrialism is thronged with phases of strife that claim and take annually their battle-tolls. In home affairs pacifism might be an inestimable boon to our country; in foreign affairs it has been a provocation to the armed

and ambitious. "German antagonism to England has been compounded of envy of our possessions, contempt for our character, and hatred of our good fortune. What galled our rival more than anything else was the fact that we enjoyed our prosperity, and held our vast Empire, upon too easy terms. The German people had made, and were continuing to make, sacrifices to maintain their position in the world, while the British people in their view were making none. And if we measure national service by personal service, and not merely in money payments, it is difficult to see what answer is to be given to this charge." Also it is certain "that unless the result of this war be to crush Germany as completely as she herself hoped at the beginning of it to crush France, our own danger will remain, unless Germany's chief grievance against us is meanwhile removed. It is not a paradox, but merely a statement of plain fact, to say that Germany's chief grievance against ourselves was, that we were not prepared to withstand her attack. Her hatred, which has caused, and still causes us so much amazement, was founded upon the surest of foundations—a want of respect. The Germans despised a nation which refused to recognise that any obligation rested on its citizens to fit themselves by serious training for defence of their inheritance. And they will continue to despise us when this war is over if we should still fail to recognise this obligation. Despising us, they will continue also to hate us; the peace of the world will still be endangered; and we shall not, after all our sacrifices, have reached the security at which we aimed".

To turn from these arguments in order to rail at German atrocities will do no good: it merely asks the public to forget that Belgium would not have suffered martyrdom if France and Britain had been adequately prepared for defence. A French officer said to Mr. Oliver, after studying British voluntarism: "The triumph of the voluntary system is a German triumph: it is the ruin of Belgium and the devastation of France". For the British Expeditionary Force was not big enough either to put fear into German statesmen or to raise the Allied armies to the fighting power of the German.

It has taken us five days to read Mr. Oliver's "Ordeal by Battle"; and if all books claimed and merited the same careful study, reviewers would be ruined and the country would be educated and secure.

RUPERT BROOKE.

"1914 and Other Poems." By Rupert Brooke. Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.

[Published this week.]

A GRAVE salute is due to the memory of this young poet, who in the hour of *réveillé* counted his personal value only in its relation to the present needs of his liege-country; who, having much to resign, gave without stint, even to that which is with the artist his dearer life—his unfulfilled renown.

Those that first hailed Rupert Brooke as the precursor of a new poetic race think that a star arose and sank, so brief and withal so brilliant has been his appearing. A book of "Poems" of rare originality and high promise was published by him in 1911, and has been thrice reprinted. Then but two months since stole upon English sympathies, torn by the war, the beautiful "Six Sonnets", "1914", that determined instantly his rank with the immortals and aroused expectation of pleasures yet to be gained from some finer, because more mature, achievement. Quite surely he possessed the vision. Quite indisputably the "dull dense world" has lost in him that white radiance of genius that we associate with the spirit of Shelley—and of how few besides?

The pieces that under titles of "The Southseas" and "Other Poems" complete an all too slender volume suggest degrees of excellence; some rich in qualities we look for from so fine an artist, others hinting at—when they do not actually date—an earlier inspiration and production. Those naturally are the more interesting that throw light on the psychology of the sonnets, explaining through antithesis the strange,

sure, impassionate note upon which they are written and gauging the significance of the paradoxical "Peace" as applied to the first act and feature of the new drama of war.

"Now, God be thanked Who has matched us with His hour,

And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping,

With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,

To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,

Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,

Leave the sick hearts that honour could not move,

And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,

And all the little emptiness of love!"

This poet was no sick contemner of men's and the world's ways, although his inmost heart loved best, perhaps, a world without a "way". Souls that entertain the ethereal vision needs must receive hurries through their high aspirations, and they are very lonely of heart. Thence they learn to escape from human "rubs and prickles" in traversing the "secret subterranean passages between matter and soul" whereby they are brought into their "hundred lives of imagination"; into the "secret orchard", the rose of lotus gardens, the "faery lands forlorn" when only far "voices that do sing, voices in laughter too" can break the stillness of a tranquil dream. Always the poet, not Shelley alone, "stood at the very junction—lines of the visible and invisible and could shift the points as he willed".

Take, then, Rupert Brooke's poem of "The Great Lover". The poet is in his secret retreat of the imagination that is empty of man and peopled only with the great, little, strange, common things of earth's daily experience. "These", he says, "I have loved:

White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, faery dust;
Wet roofs, beneath the lamplight; the strong crust
Of friendly bread; and many-tasting food;
Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood;
And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers".

Most exquisite is this thought as resolved and set in the final sonnet, "The Treasure". Here through mystic illumination the poet shows that his already immaterialised toys are in fact imperishable even as the soul that loved and "consecrated" them to its use.

"Still may Time hold some golden space
Where I'll unpack that scented store
Of song and flower and sky and face,
And count, and touch, and turn them o'er,
Musing upon them; as a mother, who
Has watched her children all the rich day through,
Sits, quiet-handed, in the fading light,
When children sleep, ere night."

With such beauty Francis Thompson's more ample thought keeps rhythm: "Within the Spirit Who is Heaven lies Earth; for within Him rests the great conception of Creation. There are the woods, the streams, the meads, the hills, the sea that we have known in life, but breathing indeed 'an ampler ether, a diviner air' . . . There is the immortal Sicily, there the Elysian Field, there all visions, all fairness engirdled with the Eternal Fair". This is the poet's instinct, his heritage, his ultimate Faith.

HENRY FAWCETT.

"A Beacon for the Blind: Being a Life of Henry Fawcett." By Winifred Holt. With a Foreword by the Right Hon. Viscount Bryce. Constable. 7s. 6d. net.

HENRY FAWCETT deserves always to be remembered as a man who parried one of fate's hardest blows with a courage, resolution and cheerfulness never surpassed. A sinewy Stoicism and an iron will enabled him, after the shooting accident that caused his blindness, to achieve the high ambition of

political service which he cherished from boyhood, and to accompany strenuous action with those delights of the open air which made him as keen on sport as on political economy. Probably his huge bodily frame and physical energy aided him in the struggle against the mental and moral lassitude which must follow a sudden and tragic incapacity; but there is a Homeric inspiration in the story of how this blinded man rode, and skated, and fished, and worked, and talked and laughed with a robust and conquering joy. He could "stand anything but pity", and all he asked of his more fortunate fellows was to be accepted as a peer in the fights and controversies into which he flung himself as an eager partisan.

Politically and intellectually he may be taken as a type of all that was strongest in the Radicalism of the Victorian epoch. His father as Mayor of Salisbury led the feast and dance with which that staid cathedral city celebrated the passing of Reform in 1832, and the boy inherited an undoubting faith in the Liberalism which was to purge the old world of all its iniquities. At Cambridge he fed his mind chiefly upon Mill, "the saint of Rationalism", and outside the world of physical science he was one of the first to hail and acclaim the ideas of Darwin. Authority and tradition made no appeal to him. He was of the people and for the people, and was determined to enter politics unbound by any conventions and unaided by those subtle means of electioneering success which are so highly prized by both official parties. He hated shams, whether they were social or religious or political, and he would never support a measure which his strong reasoning powers rejected as wrong or misleading. With all his genuine faith in democracy he would never stoop to be a demagogue, and he never hesitated to tell an audience of working men what he believed to be the truth. The truth for him was mostly comprised in the Political Economy and Logic and Liberty of Mill, and he believed that freedom, in thought and labour and trade, was the best means of solving human problems. "Let the activities of men be unshackled", was his cry, rather than "Let the activities of man be regulated and directed and controlled", as we so often hear to-day. "His strong belief in individual liberty", says Miss Holt, "gave Fawcett scant sympathy with that school of thought which was for controlling people into better conditions of living. When the Conservative Government brought in a Bill for municipal action in cases of bad housing, and the Premier happily misquoted *Sanitas sanitatum, omnia sanitas*, Fawcett was scornful. He considered it class legislation and paternally patronising in a way that few could understand to-day. He had the same feeling about the Factory Acts, except when they were to protect the most helpless."

Fawcett resembled Macaulay in his cheerful certainty that his own opinions were right. He was "Victorian" in combining rejection of religious dogma with an assertion of "scientific truths" so positive and exact that the most confident of theologians might have envied his intellectual assurance. His "voice that scorned concealment" was a fitting organ to express a direct and powerful mind. At Cambridge his memory is still a great tradition—a tradition of robust and jovial vitality which many times disturbed the calm of academic groves but always oxygenised the atmosphere in which he lived. As Postmaster he was a great success, showing practical qualities of high order; but he will be remembered chiefly as the man who saved for the people so many commons and enclosures, with a wide stretch of Epping Forest. "Lord Morley tells of Fawcett on these lands which he saved for the poor. Fawcett had been walking on Lord Morley's arm over the Wimbledon Commons, with that vigour and enjoyment in the exercise which he invariably found. They paused on a hill. Lord Morley, impressed with the unusual loveliness of the sunset and its ineffable melancholy, was startled to hear Fawcett ask wistfully: 'Morley, is the sunset very beautiful?' 'Yes', was the answer. 'Ah, I thought so', came the comment before a long silence, in which the blind man seemed to be taking in the

exquisite scene spread before his unseeing eyes." He was very active on questions of Indian finance, and it is interesting to recall that the SATURDAY REVIEW wished for his return to Parliament as the one man outside official circles who cared for India. One of his Parliamentary maxims deserves to be remembered: "Five years' experience in the House had taught him that a member was always right in bringing forward a question when the fact of his bringing it forward caused the minister concerned to lose his temper".

Miss Holt's book is a very good popular account of Fawcett's character; she has pillaged the model biography by Sir Leslie Stephen of most of its lighter treasures, but she makes no concealment of the pillage, and modestly hopes that her own work will revive interest in that of her predecessor. She has endeavoured to "throw a more personal light on the heroic figure", to set forth more clearly and vividly the "example of valour against odds".

A HERO IN FICTION.

"Jaffery." By William J. Locke. Lane. 6s.

[Published this week.]

NOW and then one meets men, women, and books that are quite likable and obviously humbugs. To this order belongs Mr. Locke's new novel. It creates an air of good company and general goodwill, and, though both are exaggerated, it is hard to find the heart to quarrel with them. The author's attempts to produce an illusion of life and reality are, however, perfunctory. It is almost impossible to imagine anybody being long deceived about such a character as Jaffery Chayne. He is the kind of man that is supposed to bring great draughts of fresh, vivifying air into every room he enters. His hearty bursts of laughter are supposed to shake the rafters. His voice is a deep bass, his hands are large, his face tanned, he grows a beard, children adore him, and he falls in love with some little woman who has as many of the characteristics of a doll as a woman can possess. In all probability he has had strange adventures in far lands, but, if he has been denied the chance of foreign travel, he makes up for it by driving a very long ball at golf. All these things are well in their way, but the man is a great deal too complete. He blusters successfully through fiction, but in life he generally cheats at croquet, and not infrequently sponges on old women.

Some fifteen years ago, when Seton Merriman was the most popular of our respectable novelists, it was the strong and silent man who held the field of favour. Jaffery, doubtless, was born of the reaction against that cryptic and insufferable bore, and the bluff and noisy fellow was for a time welcome, but his reign is coming to an end. Mr. Locke probably has used him for the last time. In the midst of war nobody is very critical about novels, and their readers only ask for a little distraction. "Jaffery" will, in the circumstances, pass muster and even be applauded, but we cannot conceal from ourselves that a day is coming when a book with such a hero will be derided even by simple people. The idea that heroism is in any way connected with big hands, booming voices, or even prowess at golf, has, in fact, already begun to appear ridiculous.

But if Mr. Locke's Brobdingnagian Bayard seems to us somewhat absurd and anachronistic, there is certainly a good deal of merit in the story which the author tells. The plot of the novel is really ingenious. A certain pleasant and elegant young man, by name Adrian Boldero, loves the daughter of a rich merchant, but cannot marry her because he has no money, and, apparently, not enough wit with which to make it. Suddenly he startles all his friends by springing to fame as a novelist. His book has enormous success. It draws the veneration of the critics, and it makes him a rich man. Of course he marries the girl, but the horrible thing is that he has stolen the novel from a dead friend. He sits in a study, covers sheets of paper, but he cannot produce the second book for

which the world clamours. One suspects that something is wrong, but one does not know what is the matter. Mr. Locke is here at his best. One regards Adrian as weak, as a poser, as one too easily influenced by flattery, as having a touch of megalomania, as being a genius with a kink in him, but one does not suspect him of any heinous offence. In fine, the reader is kept excellently intrigued for a hundred pages or more, and grows impatient when the author wanders from the mystery. Then Adrian goes mad and dies, and that, of course, is where Jaffery, who in a self-obliterating way has always loved Adrian's wife, is able to help. She must never know of her husband's deceit. His friends, who find the proofs of it, must hide them. Jaffery actually writes the long-expected second novel, and it wins new laurels for the dead man, who had from the first deserved none.

There is more and more of this sort of thing, and we grow impatient again, but the merit of the first part of the plot remains. For the sake of truth and art, the story should have ended with Adrian's death. The idea of the man haunted by the ghost of the book he did not write, and by the spectre of the other book he could not write, is better than anything Mr. Locke has given us in any previous tale. Unfortunately there are very few people alive who could give it adequate treatment, though we can imagine how it might have flourished under the care of Mr. Henry James. Mr. Locke, perhaps, has scarcely perceived the full beauty of it and its fascination. Even before it has been crushed to death by sentimentalities and impossibilities, he will abandon it for a space of chapters that he may talk about Jaffery's voice and hands and beard. Or, again, he forgets it while he invents a wholly absurd creature called Liosha, who, of all amazing and incomprehensible hyphenated things, is an Albanian-American. We know nothing of this hyphenated race, and we would wager something that the author knows no more. She is intended, we suppose, for primitive woman undergoing the torturing process of civilisation, but it is highly improbable that she would ever have come into being were it not for the fact that at the time Mr. Locke was writing certain journalists were trying to whip up a little feeble enthusiasm for a sham nationality which was going to have a German king for its very own and would issue postage stamps.

However, we must take Jaffery and Liosha as Mr. Locke has tried to make them, and we must also recognise that he meant them for noble types. It is much in the novel's favour that it was intended to give the public a more generous appreciation of men and women than they were likely to gain from contemporary fiction. It ought to be altogether pleasant to read about "a gallant gentleman," but it would have been pleasanter still if the author could have omitted that form of words in his description of the hero. We like eating bread and jam, but too often Mr. Locke is simply spooning jam out of the pot and forcing it down our throat until we revolt against all the sweetness. We think it ought to be eaten with slices of bread.

'Sea-Pie.' By J. E. Patterson. Goschen. 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Patterson has many stories to tell of the sea, some from his own experience, some from the reminiscences of other men he has met, and all of considerable fascination. Particularly good reading are those chapters in which he deals with sailors' superstitions, but sometimes his yarns are adventurous and sometimes comic, and he often turns back to the misery of life on the old "tramps". Unless the cargo was grain the rats would come into the fo'c'sle and eat any bits thrown to them; once they nibbled the socks on the feet of the men asleep in their bunks. One hears, too, of a badly provisioned vessel where the "beef smelt to heaven—to the dirty-white heaven of our black hole". It is not all like this, though, and there is plenty of merriment in the tale of a ship which carried pilgrims from India to Arabia. In a storm the pious Moslems threatened mutiny against the little crew, and could have easily overpowered them by sheer weight of numbers, but at the critical moment a pig got loose, and victoriously charged the troublesome passengers, who forgot their fears in the greater terror of the unclean beast. To many of the stories there is an accompaniment of picturesque description, and the whole volume is bound to add to Mr. Patterson's already high reputation as a writer of the sea.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

Glossary of Archæology (A. Norman). Talbot. 2 vols. 5s. net.

FICTION.

Honour in Pawn (H. Maxwell); The Heart of Joanna (R. A. Hamblin). Long. 6s. each.
Merry-Andrew (K. Howard). Lane. 6s.
Sally on the Rocks (W. Boggs). Jenkins. 6s.
The Harbor (E. Poole). Macmillan. 6s.
The Roll of Honour (E. Close). Melrose. 6s.
Treasure of Tempest (Shaun Malory); Black is White (G. R. McCutcheon). Everett. 6s. each.

MAPS.

The Battle Front from Ypres to Arras, in two sheets, 4s.; The Seat of War in the Dardanelles. Stanford. 5s.
The British Line in Flanders (Sifton Praed). 3s.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

Belgium's Agony (E. Verhaeren). Constable. 3s. 6d. net.
Emile Cammaerts's Belgian Poems. Lane. 4s. 6d. net.
The Prussian Terror (Alexandre Dumas). Stanley Paul. 6s.
The Venetian Republic (W. C. Hazlitt). A. and C. Black. 2 vols. £2 2s. net.

VERSE.

A Book of Latin Verse (H. W. Garrod). Oxford Press. 3s. 6d. net.
Escapes and Escapades (Henry Savage). Pomegranate Press. 3s. 6d. net.
Reciter's Treasury of Irish Verse and Prose (G. Pertwee). Routledge. 3s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Antique Furniture (F. W. Burgess). Routledge. 7s. 6d. net.
Bohemia under Hapsburg Misrule (Thomas Capek). Revell. \$1.00 net.
Brassey's Naval Annual. Clowes. 10s. 6d. net.
Justice and the Child (D. Pepler). Constable. 3s. 6d. net.
Politics and Crowd-Morality (A. Christensen). Williams and Norgate. 7s. 6d. net.
Roumania and the Great War (R. W. Seton-Watson). Constable. 2s. net.
The Billy Sunday Book (W. T. Ellis). Vir Publishing Co. 4s. 6d. net.
The Evolution of the Money Market (E. T. Powell). "Financial News." 10s. 6d. net.
The History of Twelve Days: July 24 to August 4, 1914 (J. W. Headlam). Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.
The People of India (Sir Herbert Risley). Thacker. 21s. net.
The Russian People (L. Weiner). McBride. 7s. 6d. net.
The Spirit of the Allied Nations (S. Low). Black. 2s. 6d. net.

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BULLFINCH PROPRIETARY.

THE Ordinary General Meeting of the shareholders of the Bullfinch Proprietary (W.A.), Ltd., was held on Thursday, Mr. George P. Doolette, J.P., the chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Chairman said: I am glad to say that a perusal of the reports and accounts will show you that we have had a successful year. The course of development has been of a very satisfactory character. In the early part of the year your directors very seriously considered the wisdom of pushing on developments and of running down the main shaft to a lower level. This has been done, and at the fourth level we have opened out in good values, and I am safe in saying that the prospects here have justified our decision to sink another 150 ft. down to the 550 ft. level. The developments, as we have sunk and opened out, have justified this increased expenditure, and if we are successful, as I believe we shall be, in securing payable values at the 550 ft. level, then you may congratulate yourselves upon possessing a mine that is going to live and give a good account of itself. You will understand that this forward development work has crept in on our finances, and while some directors would hold that it was their duty to consolidate and conserve their funds for this work, your directors on a review of the whole position have decided to continue the payment of dividends out of the earned profits. They feel that while it might be wisdom to hold all profits for the opening out of the mine, they realise that in these times of stress and acute financial demands it is their duty to stand by the shareholders and distribute to them a proportion of the profits as the mine's requirements will permit. We have declared a dividend to-day of 6d. per share, free of income-tax, and with what we hope to pay at the end of the year it will amount to a return on the present market price of the shares of something like 16 per cent. to 20 per cent.

You will find from the accounts that our financial position is quite satisfactory. We have no liabilities to speak of, and our plant is in excellent running order. The mill engine is doing more economical work as the result of the installation of the surface condenser which has been well erected. We have a competent and loyal staff and a mine that is giving promise of permanence on a paying basis, so that I think, in view of these circumstances, we have to congratulate ourselves to-day upon the report that the directors are able to submit to you. It is hardly necessary to take up your time in dealing with questions which arise and are cognate to our work—the serious one of labour troubles, I am glad to say, has not operated unfavourably with us. The question of taxation, however, in the near future is one that occasions us anxiety. We cannot yet tell definitely what is in the mind of the Government on this question. There is a suggestion that, instead of taxing dividends, as at present, there should be a taxation of profits. Moreover, there is a suggestion that there should be a further new federal tax upon the improved value of the leases, but I feel that this is an imposition that will not be carried. I am sure that when the Government realise the attitude of the community towards the question they will withdraw it. We received a cable from the general manager on Monday last giving the latest developments from the mine, and it reads as follows:—"Main shaft down to 487 ft. Opening out at No. 5 level will commence about beginning of August. At No. 4 level main west drive is out 248 ft. Northern crosscut is out 230 ft. All these workings are in country. It is fully expected that the northern and southern ore bodies will be connected with this level at end of August. Up to the present the main lode at No. 4 level has been stripped for a length of 37 ft. of payable ore. Stope above No. 2 level northern series shows westerly extension of ore of higher grade than the mine's average." On the death of our first general manager, Mr. Fred Morgan, we appointed Mr. Archie Hay to the position. Mr. Hay has had a very large experience in Australian mining, which stands him in good stead in the management of our affairs.

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DIVIDEND No. 7.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an interim DIVIDEND of 17½ per cent. (3s. 6d. per share) has been declared, payable to shareholders registered at the close of business on 30 June 1915, and to holders of Coupon No. 7 attached to Share Warrants to Bearer.

THE TRANSFER BOOKS of the Company will be closed from 1 to 7 July 1915, both days inclusive.

DIVIDEND WARRANTS will be dispatched from the London Office to all European shareholders (other than those resident in enemy territory) as soon as possible after the final returns have been received and verified at the Head Office in Johannesburg.

Further intimation will be given by advertisement to holders of Share Warrants to Bearer as to the date on which their coupons may be presented for payment.

Coupons and Dividend Warrants paid by the London Transfer Office to shareholders resident in the United Kingdom will be subject to deduction of English income tax.

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By Order,

J. H. JEFFERYS,

Secretary to the London Committee.

London Transfer Office:

5, London Wall Buildings,
Finsbury Circus, London, E.C.,
15 June 1915.

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FORESTAL LAND, TIMBER, AND RAILWAYS COMPANY.

THE Ninth Ordinary General Meeting of the shareholders of the Forestal Land, Timber, and Railways Co., Ltd., was held yesterday at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C. Baron Emile B. d'Erlanger (the Chairman of the Company) presided.

The Secretary having read the notice convening the meeting, The Chairman said it was most gratifying to him to be able to place before shareholders so strong a balance-sheet, and he was glad to be able to say that if he were presenting a balance-sheet to 30 June 1915, instead of to 31 December 1914, it would reveal a stronger position still. The fixed assets were £4,251,000, compared with £3,436,000 of last year, which showed an increase of £815,000 in fixed assets—an increase that was all the more noteworthy as they had been deducted from the £4,251,000 the sum of £405,000 of goodwill. He would call attention in passing to the increase in their live stock, which last year stood at £420,000 and this year at £529,000, the valuation of the stock having been made exactly on the same principle. He regretted that the profit and loss account was not as good a one as he would have liked to put before them, but he thought it would be most ungrateful to grumble at a profit and loss account which showed such a strong position and such a large profit in a year of stress like the one through which they had passed. The decrease was not so much a decrease of profit as a decrease in the percentage of profit towards the capital issued, and it was due to several circumstances, including the low price realised for their sale of extract, which was their principal produce. Speaking of the Quebracho extract business, he said that both logs and extract came into England free of duty, and therefore it would not pay the English manufacturer to introduce logs into this country; but he would buy solid extract in the Argentine and convert it either into pure Quebracho extract or the composite extract. On the other hand, on the Continent, where there were either small duties or no duties on logs, and where the duties on the Quebracho extract were high, there were a number of factories which made the extract by importing the logs from the Argentine and selling on the Continent, either in the form of solid extract in competition with others, or as liquid extract. It so happened that nearly all, if not all, the Quebracho factories on the Continent, either in Germany, Austria, Russia, or France, were either owned, controlled, or were in alliance with Messrs. Renner and Co., and consequently it was in those factories that the technical staff for the Company's factories in the Argentine were educated, selected, and found for the factories of the Forestal Company, and he might say greatly to the Company's advantage. In order that they might understand the difficulties of the position when this unjust, sanguinary, and barbarously-waged war was forced upon us by Germany, the Board did not hesitate, but immediately on the outbreak of war Messrs. Harteneck and Renner, the German directors, notwithstanding the eminent services which they had rendered the Company, and his personal friendship with them until the war began, were immediately removed from the Board. The local Board which was elected every year was entirely reconstructed, and all the Germans were eliminated therefrom. It now consisted of Mr. Negri, one of the partners of Messrs. Portalls, one of the original founders and pioneers of the Quebracho industry, Mr. Jewell, an Englishman well known and of high repute in the Argentine, and Mr. Berduc, former Minister of Finance in the Argentine Government. It was their intention to add a fourth member to the Board, and that that fourth member should be an Englishman commanding the confidence of the Government, the confidence of the English Government, the confidence of the community of Buenos Aires, and the confidence of the English shareholders. When the war broke out the selling agency of the Forestal Company, which from the very beginning had been situated in Hamburg, and was under contract, was changed. That contract was immediately considered inoperative, and the selling department for the Forestal product in London was immediately reorganised.

After dealing fully with other matters of the Company's business, the Chairman, in conclusion, referred to the circular which had been issued to the shareholders, and to which he proceeded to reply at considerable length. He gave a personal history of Mr. Louis H. Kiek and Mr. Leon Rueff, and also of himself, in order to show that all these gentlemen were British to the core, and consequently their sympathies in the present emergency were also entirely British.

Mr. Joseph C. Baldwin seconded the resolution.

A very lengthy discussion ensued, at the conclusion of which the Chairman put the motion for the adoption of the report and accounts, and it was carried.

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